

BEN STRONG

AUGUST 1973
59091-0 PDC 75¢

Wrestling

**GIANT
SPECIAL
ISSUE**



**ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER—
HE USES HIS ELBOW
LIKE A KNIFE!**

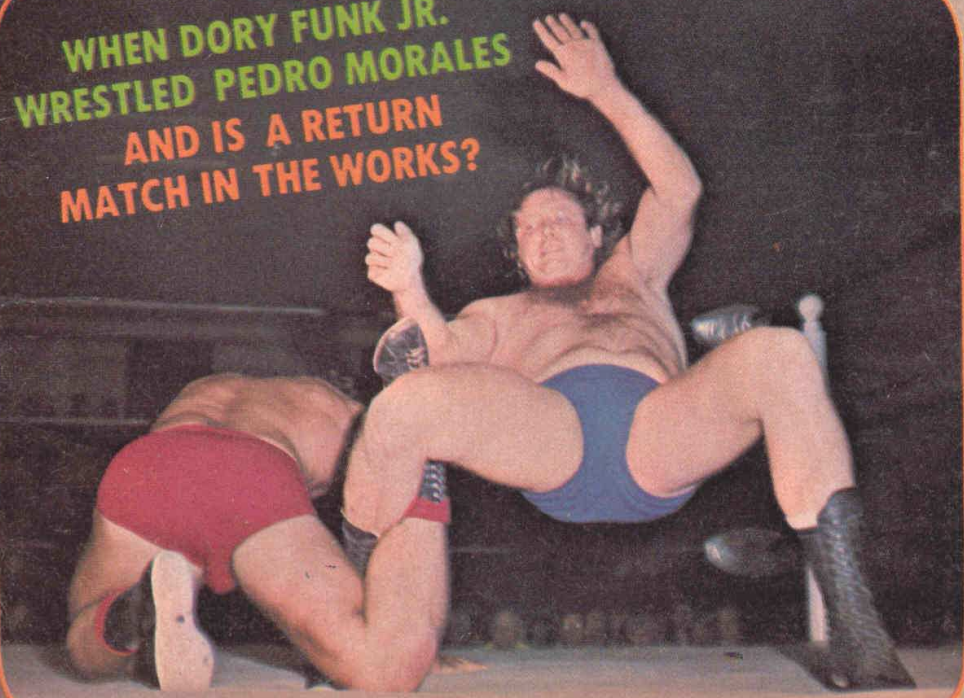
**WHEN THE GIRLS
WRESTLED NAKED!**

**THE DREAM THAT DRIVES
BILLY ROBINSON**

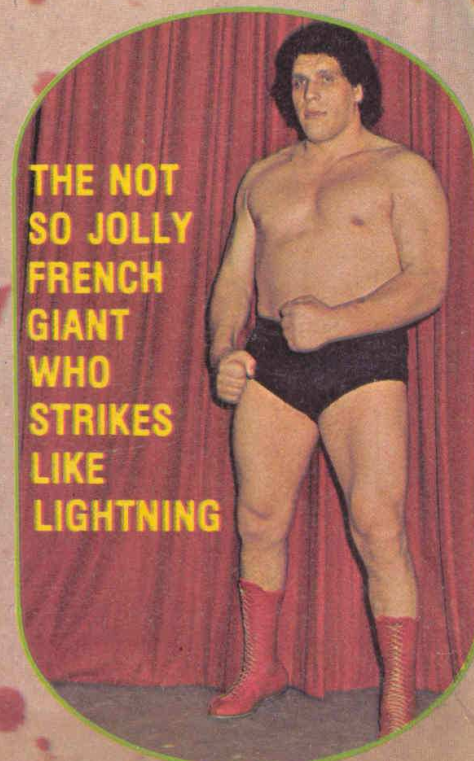
**"CLEAN WRESTLERS
ARE A DIME A DOZEN!
SO TO HELL WITH 'EM!"
ROARS BUDDY COLT**

**THE BLOODY BRAWL
WE JUST HAD TO
INVESTIGATE**

**WHEN DORY FUNK JR.
WRESTLED PEDRO MORALES
AND IS A RETURN
MATCH IN THE WORKS?**



**THE NOT
SO JOLLY
FRENCH
GIANT
WHO
STRIKES
LIKE
LIGHTNING**



BEN STRONG WRESTLING

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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

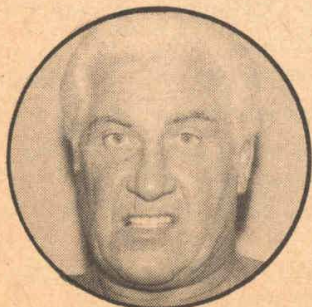
- 1—PEDRO MORALES
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—DON LEO JONATHAN
- 4—FRED BLASSIE
- 5—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 6—JOHN "ANDRE THE GIANT" FERRE
- 7—MOON DOG MAYNE
- 8—PROFESSOR TORU TANAKA
- 9—SONNY KING
- 10—TONY GAREA

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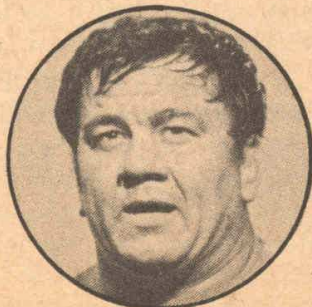
- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—BILLY ROBINSON
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- 5—IVAN KOLOFF
- 6—DUSTY RHODES
- 7—DICK MURDOCH
- 8—DON MURACO
- 9—KEN PATERA
- 10—HORST HOFFMAN

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- 4—LITTLE BRUISER
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- 6—LITTLE BRUTUS
- 7—TOM POUCE
- 8—FARMER JEROME
- 9—SONNY BOY HAYS
- 10—JOEY RUSSELL



FRED BLASSIE



WAHOO MCDANIEL

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

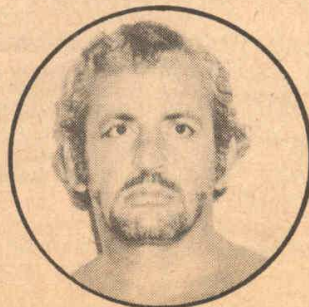
- 1—DORY FUNK JR.
- 2—THE SHEIK
- 3—VICTOR RIVERA
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- 1—FABULOUS MOOLAH
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- 4—MARIA LAVERNE
- 5—SUE GREEN
- 6—ANN CASEY
- 7—LILY THOMAS
- 8—SANDY PARKER
- 9—DONNA CHRISTENELLO
- 10—NATASHA



THE SHEIK



VIVIAN VACHON

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

WHILE DORY FUNK Jr.'s recovering from the multiple injuries he received in a truck accident, Jack Brisco, the number one contender for Funk's N.W.A. heavyweight title, has been fulfilling the champ's commitments.

"Sam Muchnik asked me to do it," Brisco explained. "I won't be defending Dory's belt but if I'm beaten the guy who does it immediately moves into the place I now hold in the ratings. It'll also give me a chance to live a champion's schedule. I'm anxious to see if I'm capable of doing it."

"I don't know why Muchnik picked him," Terry Funk, Dory's younger brother questioned. "After all, if he wants to give the men who were supposed to wrestle my brother a taste of championship material, he should've picked me, the uncrowned champion."

Dory Funk Jr. is reported to be satisfied with Muchnik's choice.

"Brisco's proven himself," the champ told our reporter from his hospital bed. "I'm curious to see how he'll do against the best in the business. He'll be going to Australia for me, Japan and also all over the United States. However, as soon as I'm out of here I want to wrestle him again just to show him I'm still a little better!"

Tony Angelo, the man who originally managed the Mongols before selling their contract to Lou Albano, is once again controlling the vicious duo.

"I'm building the greatest stable of wrestlers in the world," Angelo bragged. "I have the Mongols, the Fargos and Eric The Animal, the North American Champion. No other manager can boast such a fantastic group of talent."

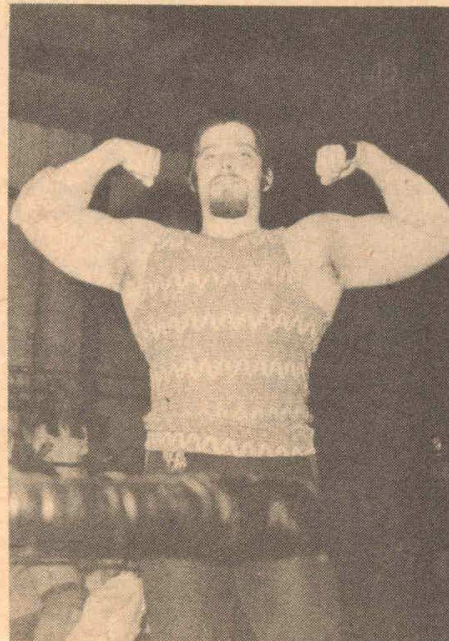
Incidentally, there's a petition being circulated all over Cleveland, Ohio and other N.W.F. areas to remove a bone from Eric The Animal! You see, Eric carries a two-

foot-long, five-inch-thick bone into the ring with him and uses it to beat his opponent senseless.

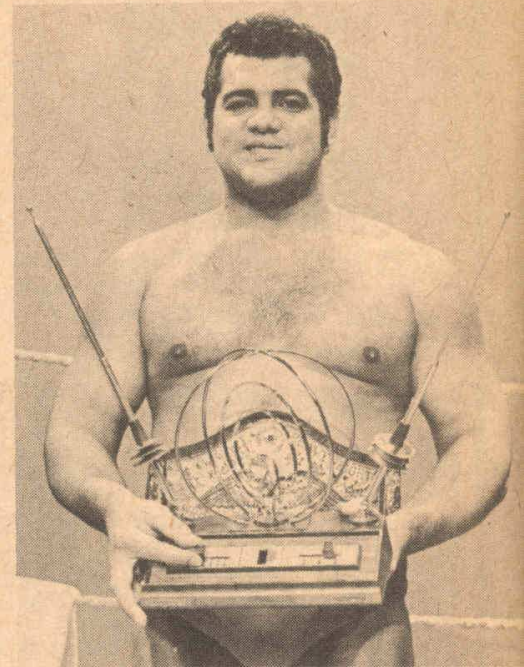
"I carry it for protection," Eric told us. "What am I supposed to do when a guy like Haystacks Calhoun comes into the ring with that steel horseshoe he uses to win his matches? I've got to have protection. I never use the bone unless my opponent uses a foreign object on me first."

Wrestling was saddened recently at the death of beloved promoter Jim Crockett. Crockett promoted throughout the southeast and had heart trouble in his later years. An influential and irreplaceable part of wrestling, Jim Crockett's loss will be mourned.

Correspondent Pat Woodruff reports that the dynamic new team of Ted and Jerry Oates have lost the Tri-State tag team belts. The title is presently held by Steve Lawler and Buddy Wayne. The fans don't dig



Steve Lawler, who with partner Buddy Wayne won the Tri-State tag team title, is not popular with fans. But you can't knock Steve's success.



Spaceman? Nope. It's Pedro Morales as he looks during a TV commercial he does for a TV antenna company. The spot appears on New York TV.

them too much but they've already defended the title successfully a dozen or more times so you've got to give 'em credit.

What would you do if you won \$700 in a battle royal? Go on a long trip or maybe spend it for a new wardrobe? Not if you're The Canadian Beast. If you're The Canadian Beast you'll eat the money! That's right. The animal won a battle royal and ate seven crisp, new, one hundred dollar bills in front of everyone.

"I eat de hole thin' " he chuckled after gulping it down. Then he rubbed his stomach and contently walked back to the dressing room!

Bruno Sammartino is wrestling in W.W.A. territory and the fans love him. As usual, he's drawing packed houses...Sonny King is "sick and tired of wrestling to draws because of 10-minute time limit matches," as he put it...Fred Blassie chewed Chief Strongbow up so badly on television,

(Continued on page 48)

Little Beaver —

Why does Little Beaver enjoy his own bouts as much as the fans do? It's a real good question. It is also the reason why the Beaver is...

FOR YEARS MIDGET wrestlers have thrilled millions with their comical antics and acrobatics. Such superb athletes as Tito Infante, Fuzzy Cupid, Sky Low Low, Cowboy Bradley and Lord Littlebrook have provided as much enjoyment for people as any form of entertainment. But of all the midgets, never has there been a wrestler as loved and admired as Little Beaver.

Beaver, a 98-pound bundle of muscle capable of performing unbelievable acrobatic feats, is considered the finest showman in the midget wrestling world. Speed, tricky moves, the Beaver has them all. And although he is only 48 inches tall he has the strength of a man twice his size.

Always on the move, he wrestles as much as five times a week and there is not a spot on earth where he isn't recognized and cheered by young and old alike. Easily recognizable by his Mohawk-type haircut and round, smiling face, Beaver charms the fans, if not his opponents, with his famous footwork and lightening-like moves. Often, he'll converse with ringside fans during a match.

Born in the wild country of northern Quebec, Beaver was hunt-and trapping wild game as a youngster. He was taught to read and write by his mother and his family enjoyed numerous adven-

(Continued on page 14)

The Beaver never stands still, even when he's supposed to be resting while his tag team partner takes over inside the ring.

WRESTLING'S BRIGHTEST— AND BIGGEST— STAR

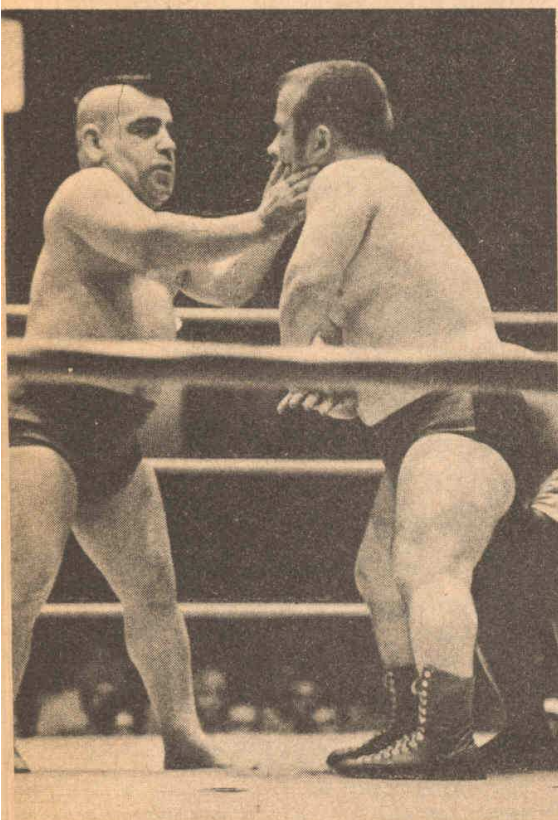


(Continued from Page 12)

tures on their hunting expeditions. For fun, he used to wrestle with Eskimo husky dogs. But when he was 12, tragedy struck. He watched helplessly as his entire family drowned in a canoeing accident.

All alone now, he went to an Eskimo village, told his story to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and, since he had nobody to care for him, they placed the orphan in the local Indian school. When he was 15 he was adopted by a former friend of his father, a French Canadian whom he had never seen before. One night the man took him to see midget wrestlers. After that there was never any doubt what he wanted to do with his life.

After a brief training period he made his mat debut and it was a smash. Almost from the start, L'il Beaver, with his buckskin wardrobe became a popular hero.



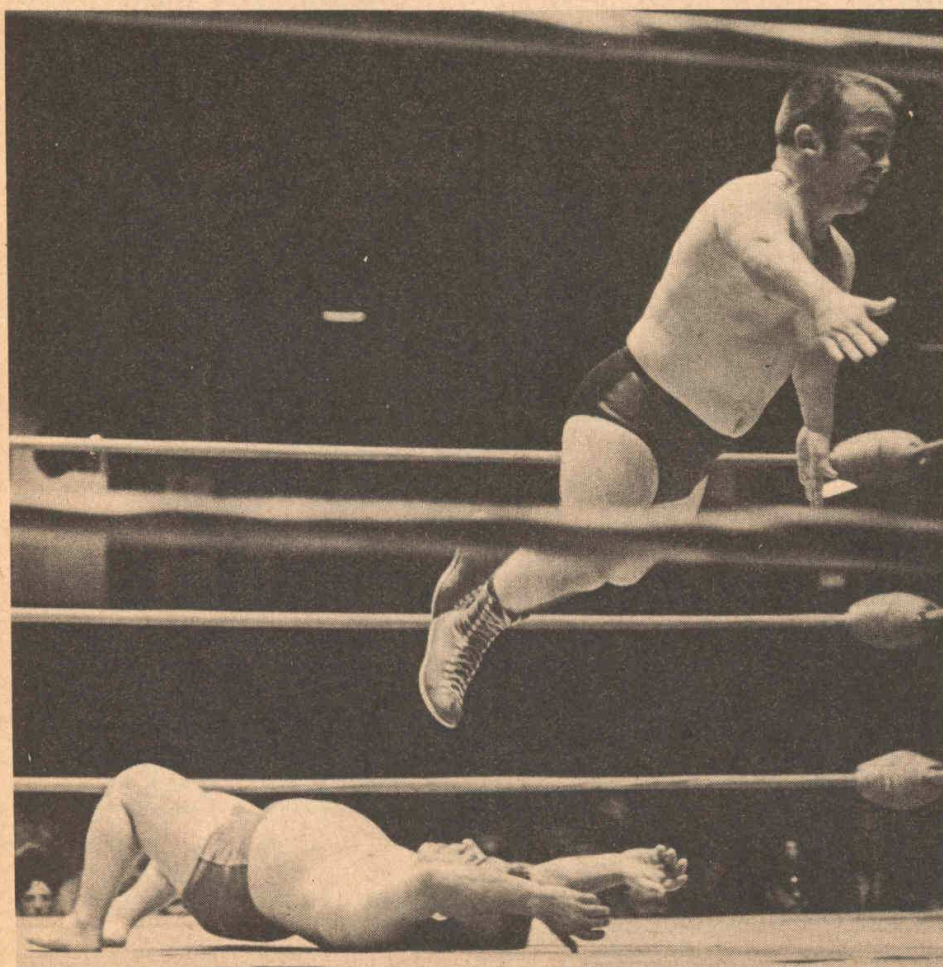
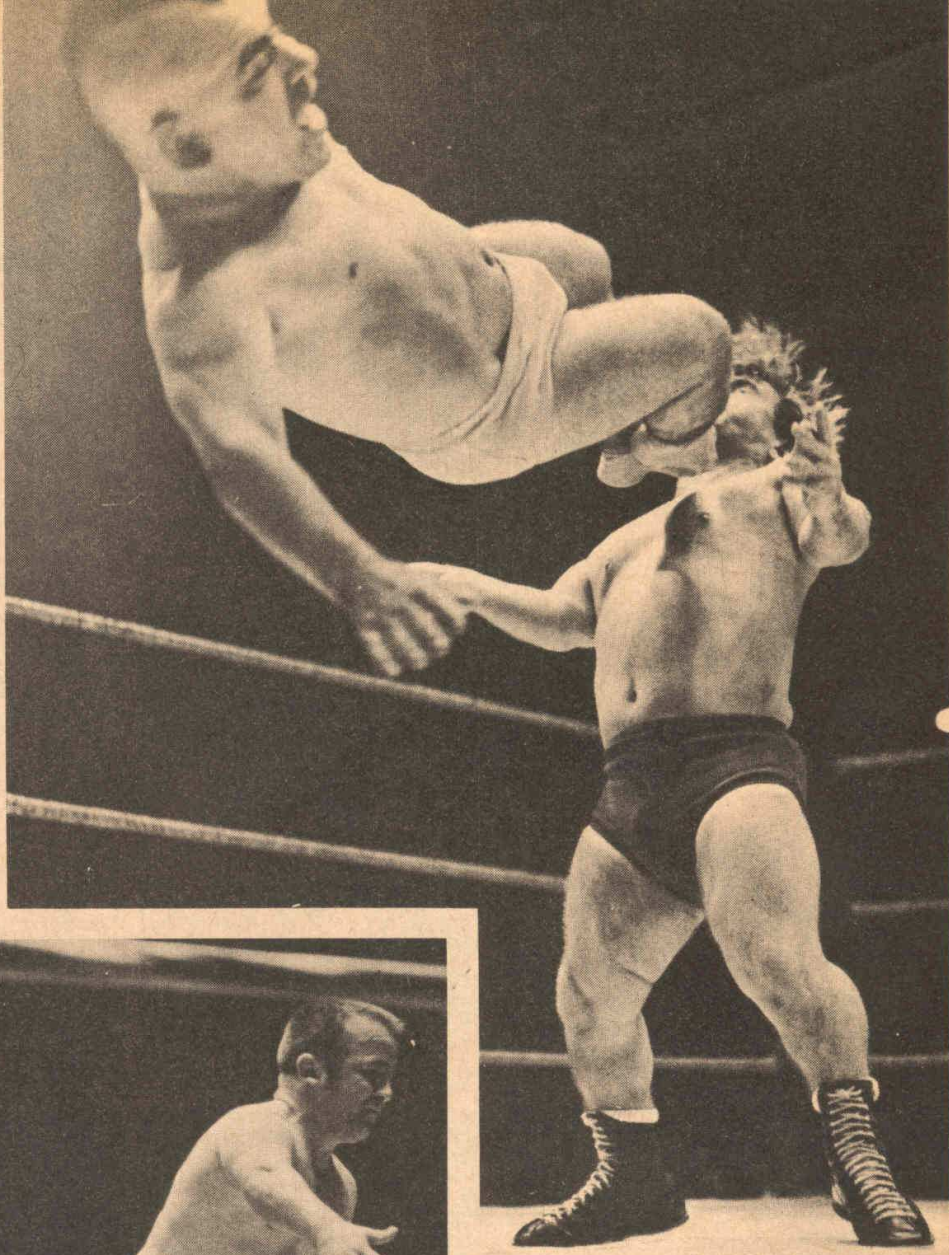
Above: Beaver pats Billy the Kid on face prior to slugging him. That's Jamica Kid, Beaver's partner, caught in Billy's armlock. Right: Beaver backdrops Frenchy LaMont.



In a recent match he teamed with Jamaica Kid against Frenchy LaMont and Billy The Kid. It was typical Beaver action. Rarely resorting to anything illegal, Beaver instead infuriated his opponents by constantly sticking his bare feet in their face, slapping them with open palms to break holds, and darting in and out and around, making himself impossible to grab and hold on to.

Somehow always managing to get the better of his opponents, Beaver bailed Jamaica Kid out of trouble time and again. And when the Kid had the situation well in hand, there was Beaver, in the corner, leading the cheers,

Beaver scores with perfect dropkick to face of Little Brutus. Note how Beaver has lifted his body to be on a line with opponent's chin.



Beaver's incredible strength is demonstrated in this picture as he sends Billy the Kid flying through space. Actually, Beaver was kicking himself out of a double leglock. "Timing is as important as power," Beaver says

jumping up and down on the ropes, shouting instruction and talking to fans. He is perpetual motion, never even stopping to rest.

Beaver and the Jamaica Kid won the match in two straight falls, much to the delight of the crowd. After their arms were raised in victory, they soaked in the cheers the capacity audience showered at them.

"That's always the best part," Beaver said afterwards. "It's knowing that the people enjoyed themselves — that we made them happy — that makes me feel very good. I figured we'd win — we've beaten these guys before — but each time I try to make it a little more entertaining. I try to make the people laugh a little more, to enjoy themselves. That's why I

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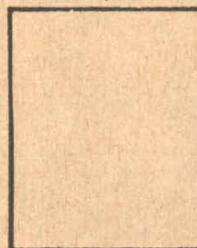
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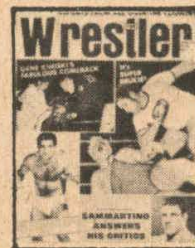
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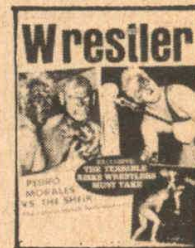
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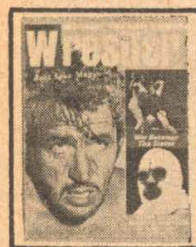
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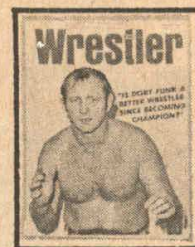
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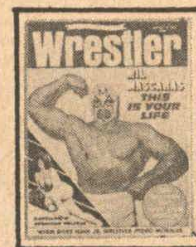
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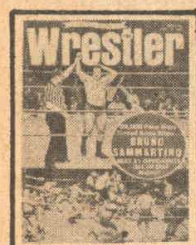
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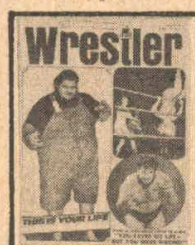
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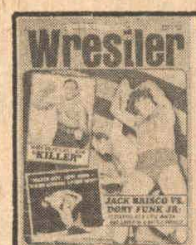
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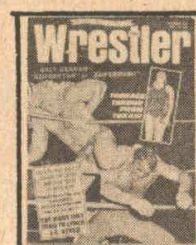
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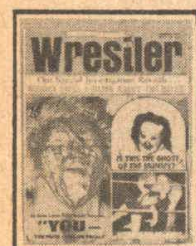
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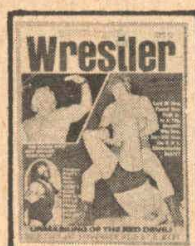
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THE WRESTLER

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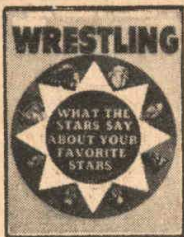
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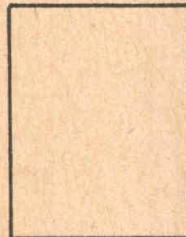
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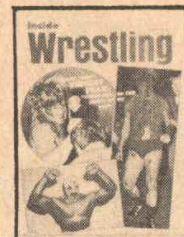
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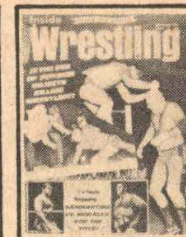
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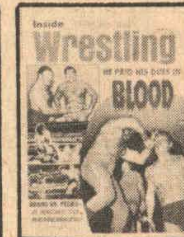
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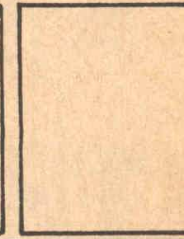
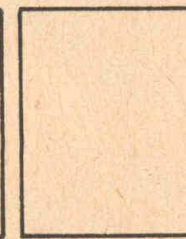
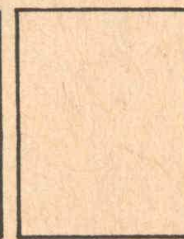
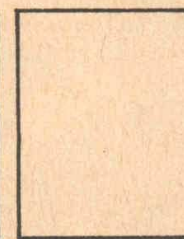
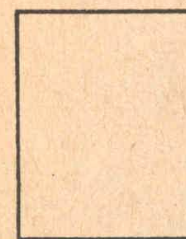
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INSIDE WRESTLING

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A pretty young fan agreed to pose with Jean Ferre to give you some idea of his great size. Ferre, who now lives in Montreal, says, "I like this country very much—but I would not trade it for my France."

THE NOT-SO -JOLLY FRENCH GIANT WHO STRIKES LIKE LIGHTNING!



"He's the closest thing to a real, live Superman I've ever seen. I don't care if a guy is seven-feet-tall, or even if he weighs 500 pounds—but when he's got all that size and moves as fast as a jaguar, too, well, that's too much even for me!"

That was what a recent victim of the not so jolly French giant said after he woke up in the hospital...

WHEN EDOUARD Carpentier gets one of his rare chances to take a vacation, there's nothing he enjoys as much as returning to his native France and driving around the beautiful French countryside.

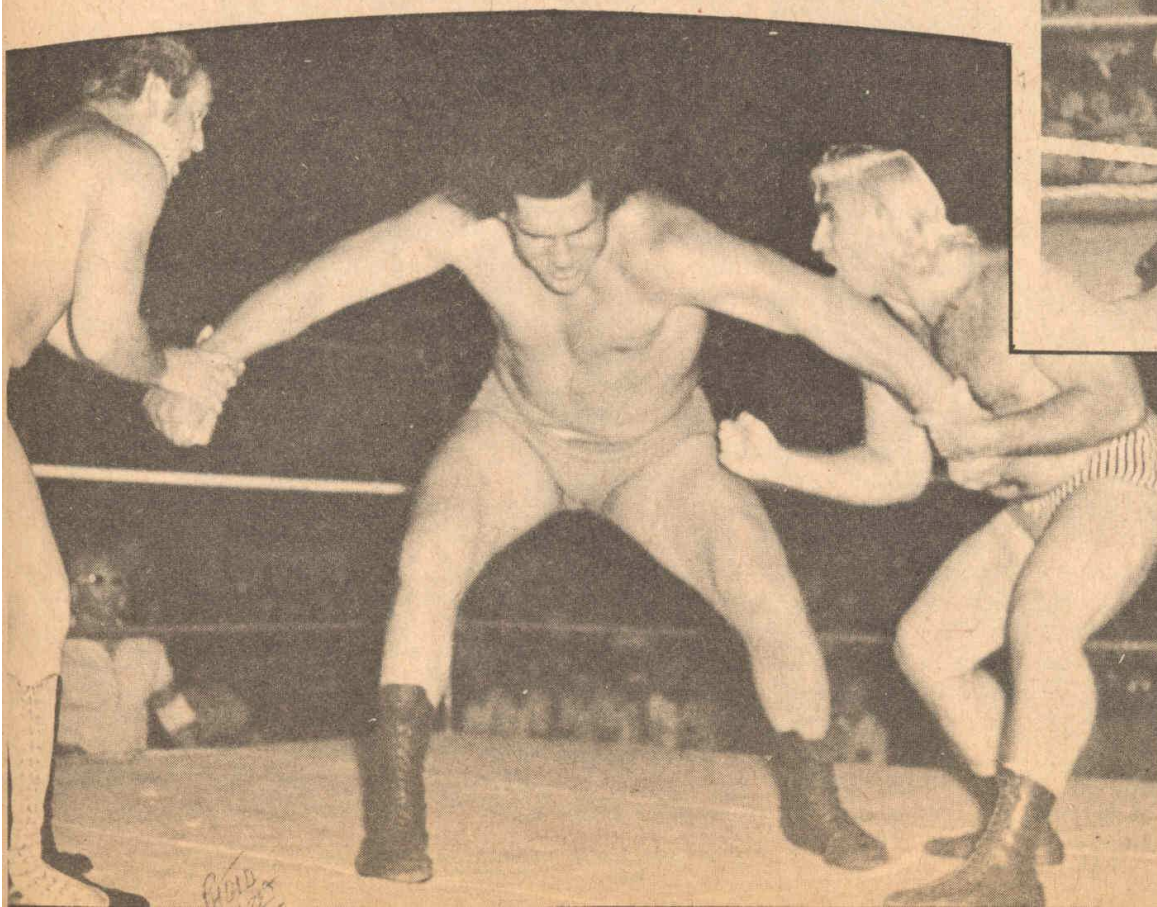
"I like to drive into the country, look at the flowers and trees, stop in the little villages and maybe sip a glass of wine in some tiny cafe," Carpentier said. "The main thing is to relax—and forget about people like Killer Kowalski, Mad Dog Vachon and The Sheik. The last thing I want to think about when I'm on vacation is wrestling!"

So you can imagine Carpentier's

surprise a few years ago when he was on one of his leisurely drives through the French countryside and discovered a wrestler!

"It was probably the strangest place in the world to run into a wrestler," Carpentier laughingly remembered, "but that's what I did. I was driving in the south of France, miles and miles from Paris, through an area of tiny villages and small farms. I was on this very small road that just barely had enough room for one car and my path was blocked by an enormous tree lying across the road.

"I got out of my car to see what I could do but I couldn't hope to even



Handicap matches, in which Ferre takes on two opponents, are commonplace for the giant. Left: he keeps Jerry Brown and blond Fernand Frechette at arm's length to protect himself. Soon after picture was taken, Ferre knocked them both out by cracking their heads together. Above: Ferre helps his friend Ed Carpentier out of the ring after a bruising bout.

budge that tree. Only a giant could have moved that—and that's exactly what happened! As I was scratching my head wondering what to do, the biggest young man I have ever seen came walking out of the forest, saw my predicament, bent down and moved the tree off the road. And as if that wasn't enough, he came over to me and said 'you're Edouard Carpentier—aren't you?'

"How could he know me? I wondered. But he quickly explained by saying that he, too, was a wrestler and he had been a fan of mine for a long time. He wrestled in the small villages in the countryside but had never been to Paris.

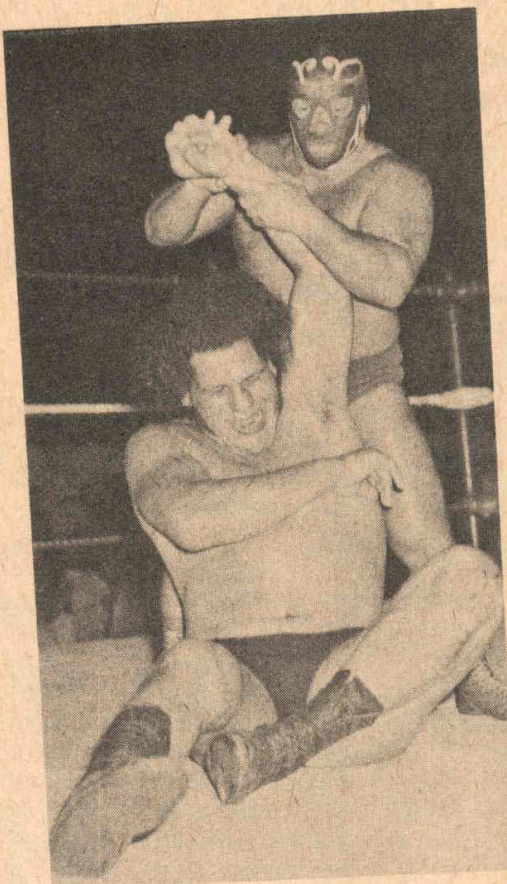
"I knew that with the proper training he could be a great one. He was so big—and strong enough to move that tree! We went to a cafe, talked for a while and I told him the name of a man to see in Paris if he ever wanted to become a professional wrestler. He thanked me very much and I thought it would be the last I'd ever hear from him. Little did I know then he would someday be my tag-team partner!"

The giant Carpentier found is Jean Ferre (pronounced Feh-ray) and it was true, he had wrestled as an amateur in and around the tiny villages of southern France. But since his family was poor, he spent most of his time in the woods. Even as a youngster, Jean Ferre, who stands more than seven-feet-tall, was enormous and the school children made fun of him.

"Finally my parents moved to Paris," Ferre remembered, "and the first thing I did was take lessons in boxing, karate and wrestling. I liked wrestling best of all, so when I thought I was good enough, I went to see the man Mr. Carpentier told me about."

When Ferre walked into the office of French promoter Guy Gauvin—Gauvin thought there had been a blackout.

"I looked up and he blocked out all the lights," Gauvin recalled. "He told me he wanted to be a professional wrestler and that Edouard Carpentier said I was the man he should see. I didn't think anybody that big could have any kind of coordination—but when I put him into the ring to work out against one of our local boys I



Left: After he slipped and fell, Ferre was clamped in an armlock by The Professional. But the giant easily broke the hold. Above: Ferre sends Butcher Vachon flying by using his back as a catapult.

got the surprise of my life."

What surprised Gauvin were the collection of moves the big man possessed. The first thing he did was floor his opponent with a flying dropkick. He had the agility of a Carpentier with the strength of an ox.

The workout lasted only five minutes. Gauvin had seen enough.

"At first I wrestled as an amateur," Ferre said, "but I turned pro on my 20th birthday and began wrestling all over Europe. Finally, I had trouble getting opponents, so I went to Africa and finally Japan. As far as I was concerned, I was still learning. I wanted only one thing—to become good enough to wrestle alongside my idol, Edouard Carpentier."

When Ferre felt he was good enough, he planned to come to the United States, but he found out Carpentier was doing most of his wrestling in Montreal. So Jean called the Montreal promoter, told him the story and asked to be put in a bout as Edouard's tag-team partner. The promoter agreed.

"I went into the promoter's office

one day to find out who I'd be wrestling the following week," Carpentier said, "and he told me I was in a tag-team match and that my partner was a new man named Jean Ferre. The name sounded familiar but I couldn't place it. I didn't think any more about it until the night of the bout—in the dressing room."

"I walked into the dressing room and Edouard was putting on his boots," Ferre said. "He didn't see me. 'Hello, Mr. Carpentier,' I said. He looked up and I thought he was going to fall off the bench. 'So you're Jean Ferre,' he said. 'Now I remember. I'm glad you took my advice.'"

Although Carpentier was thrilled to see the young man he'd met in the French countryside, he still wasn't sure if he could wrestle. It didn't take Ed long to find out.

The crowd gasped when it saw Carpentier's new partner. He was more than seven-feet-tall and weighed 390 pounds! But when the match was over, it wasn't Ferre's size or strength the crowd buzzed about,

(Continued on page 62)

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

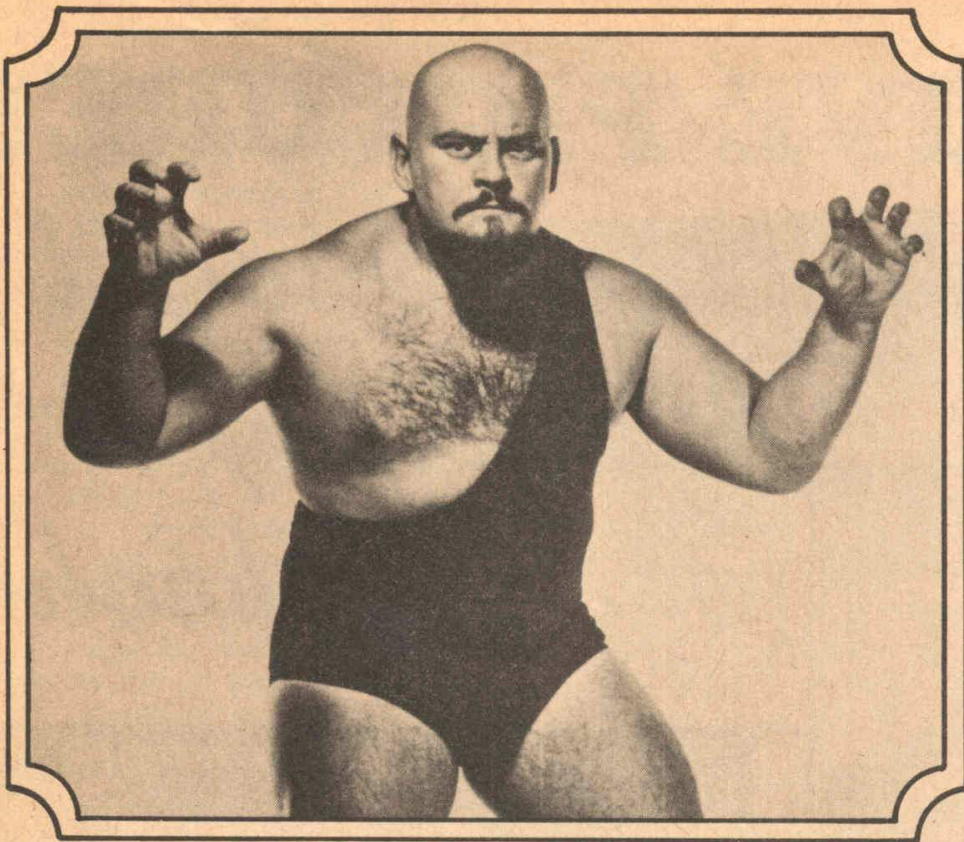
For Your Personal Wrestling Scrapbook



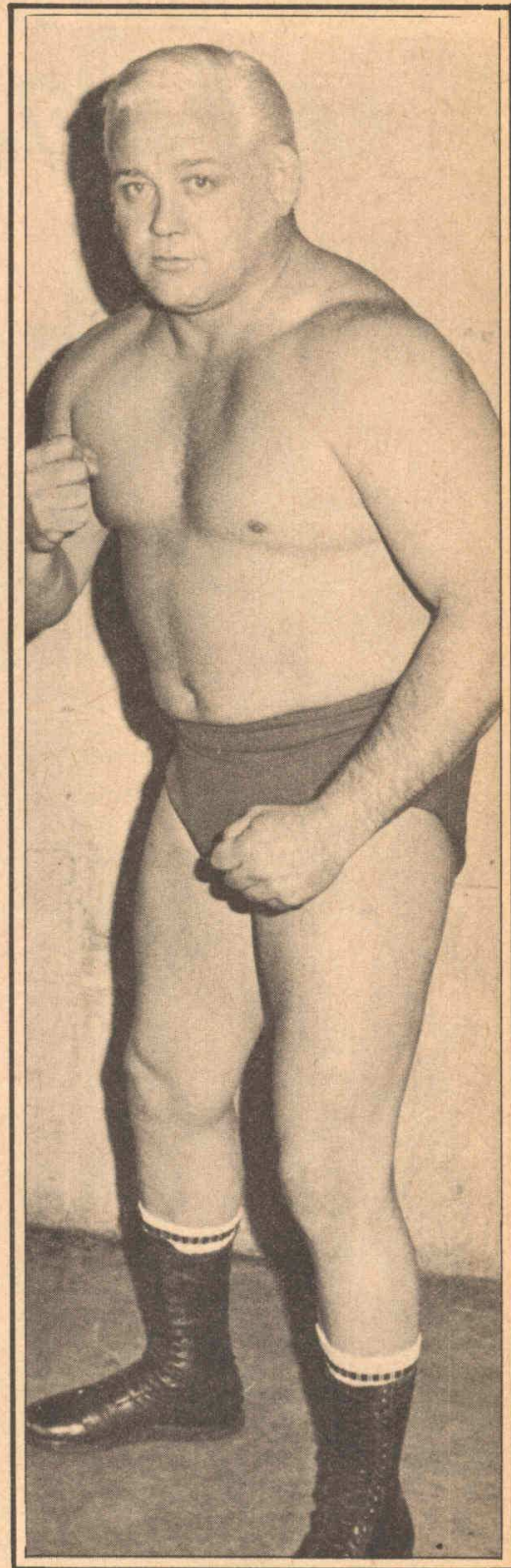
**ED CARPENTIER, JEAN FERRE,
YVON ROBERT JR.**



SUSAN GREEN



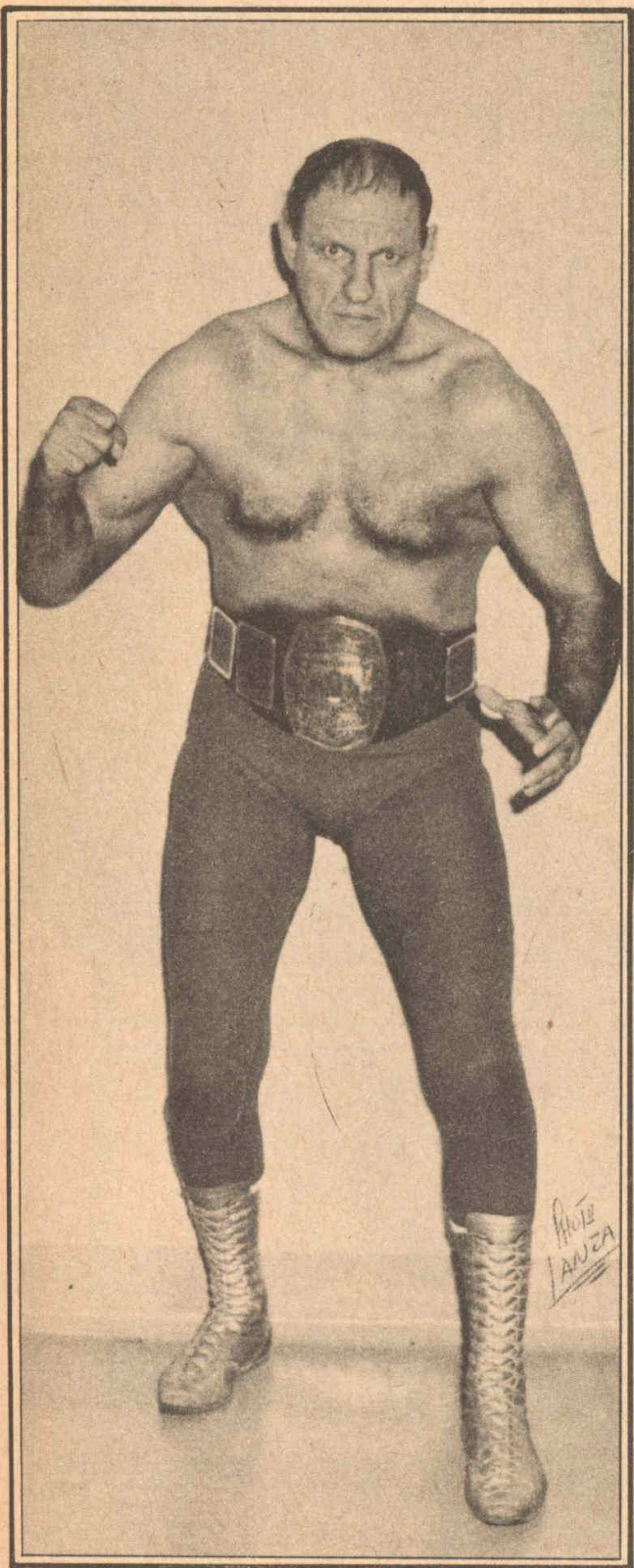
IVAN KOLOFF



RAY STEVENS



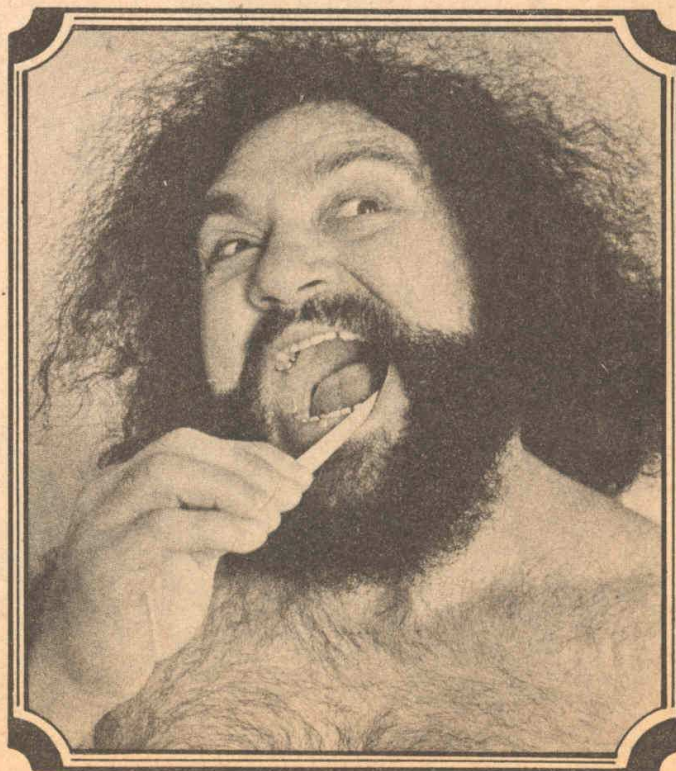
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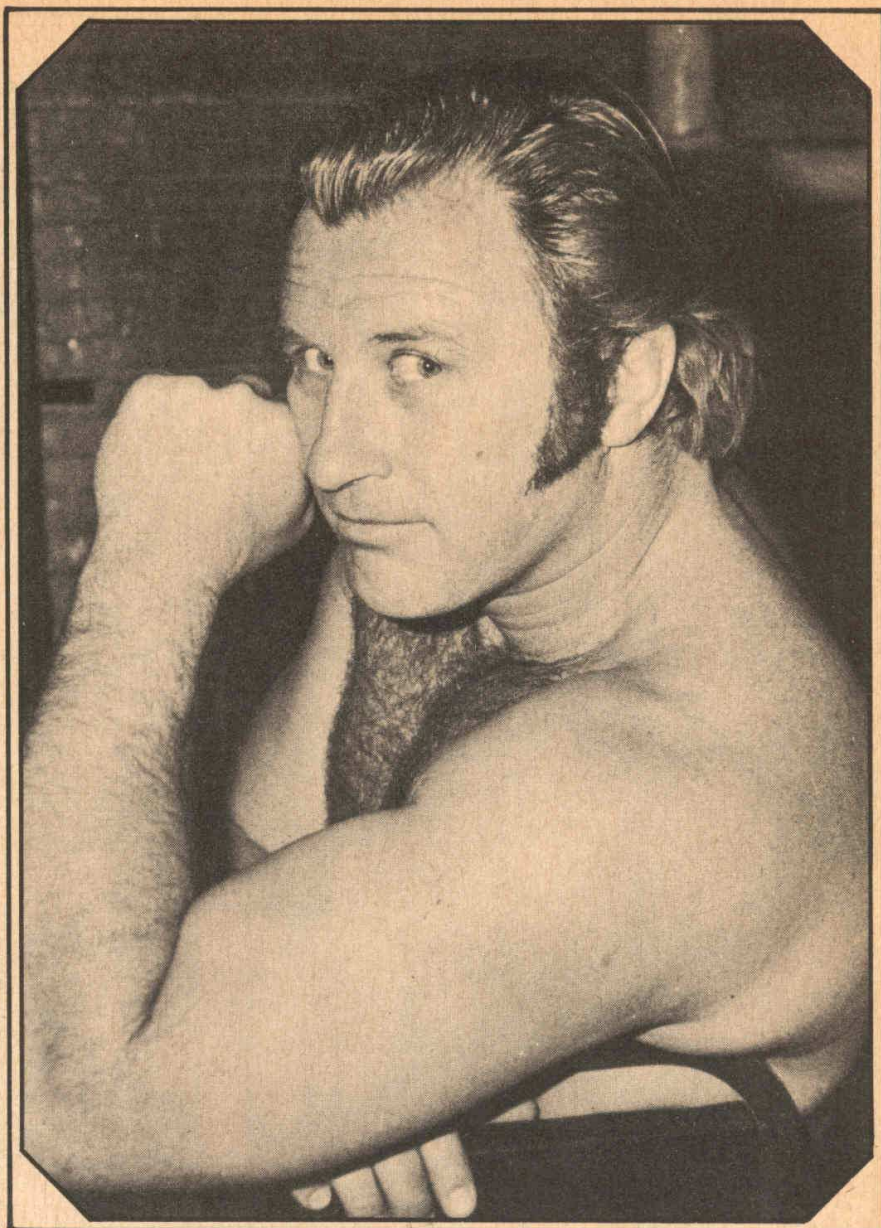
MARIA LAVERNE



PAMPERO FIRPO



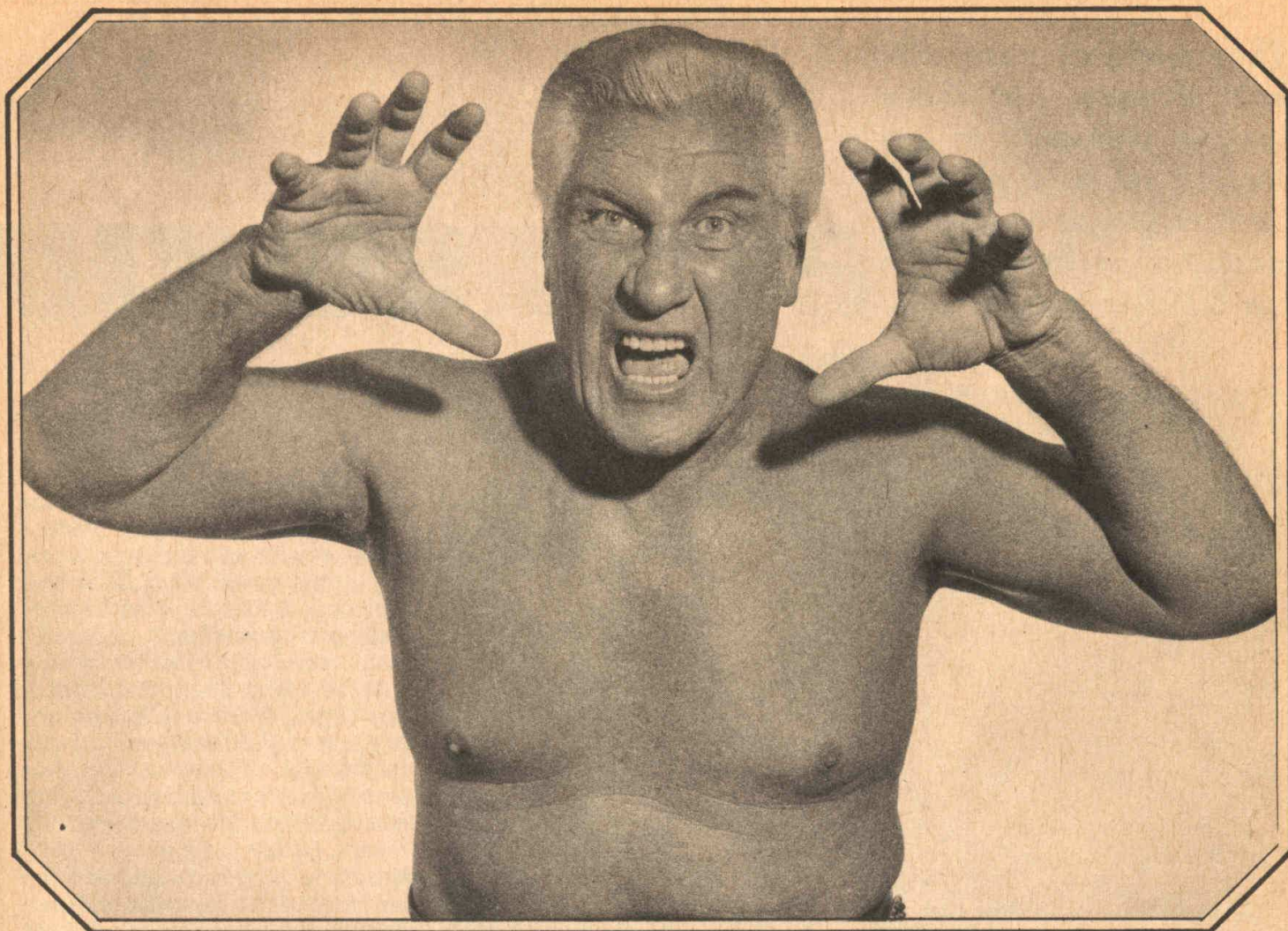
CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW



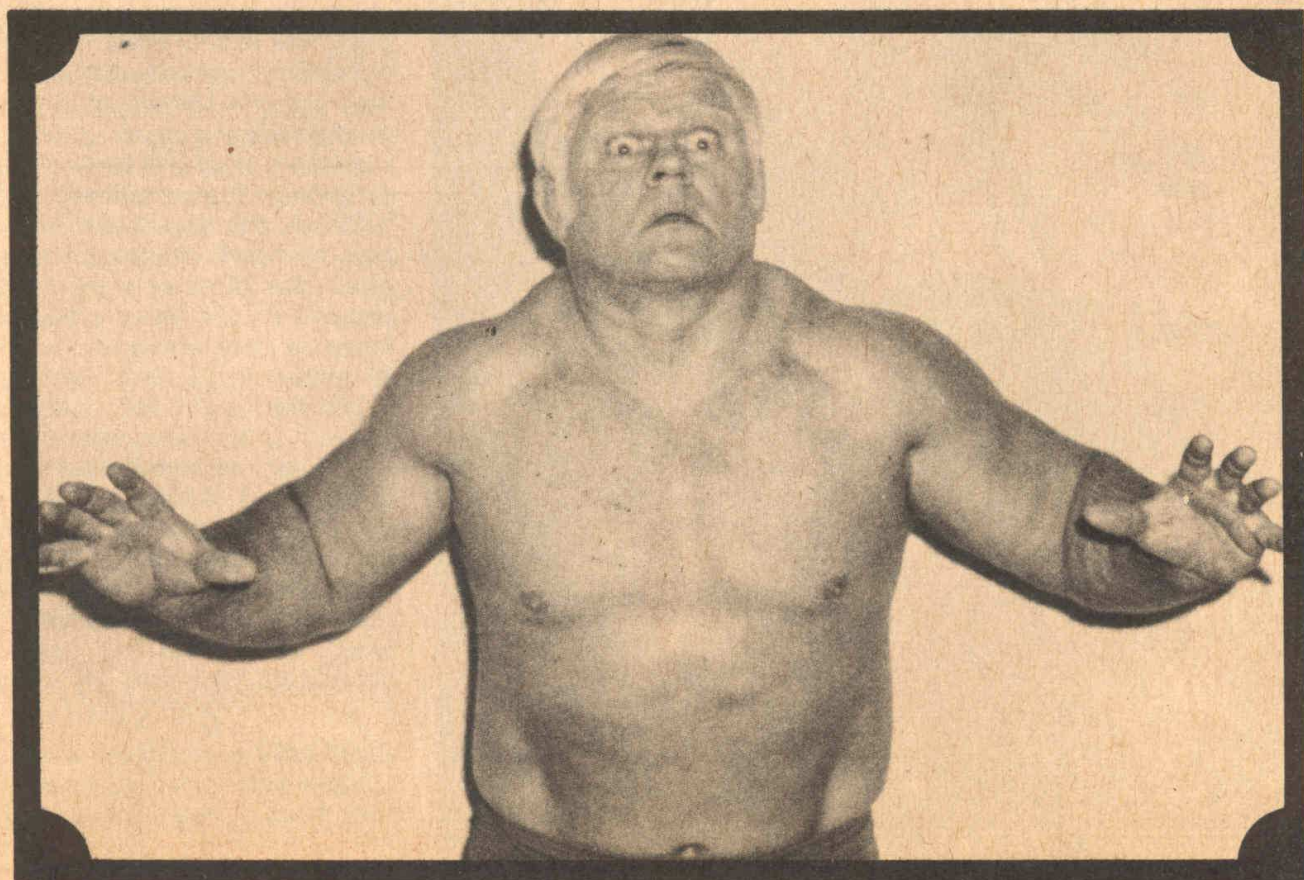
NICK BOCKWINKLE



THE MIGHTY IGOR



FRED BLASSIE



THE CRUSHER

They were at each other's throats, out there on the sidewalk in Las Vegas, when a photographer happened to be passing. He made them an offer and . . .

. . . SO THE



WANDA KNIGHT AND Joan Vallee are both blondes. Both are 21-years old and have about the same physical characteristics—120 lbs; 5 feet 6 inches. Both are chorus girls by profession—with trigger-fast tempers.

Wanda and Joan first met in Las Vegas, Nevada, a few months ago where they had gone to apply for jobs in a topless chorus line. Because the new chorus line would be performing in one of town's better casinos and could therefore lead to bigger and better things for a girl with the right talents, the competition was keen. Over 100 beautiful girls turned out to compete for only 15 openings.

The first order from the director was straight-to-the-point. Glaring at the line of fidgety girls standing on the stage, he barked, "Okay, strip down to your birthday suits!"

Slowly the girls filed back to a row of small dressing rooms to obey the director's order. They weren't in the least embarrassed because they understood he had to see what he was buying.

Wanda Knight and Joan Vallee walked into the same dressing room and immediately began to strip naked. What happened next depends on whose story you believe. Joan was holding a cigarette in her mouth when she bent over to take off her shoes. But when she raised her head, the lit end of the butt hit Wanda's

Soon after bout began, Wanda Knight (left) twisted Joan's arm back in painful hammerlock.

GIRLS WRESTLED NAKED!

well rounded thigh.

Wanda let out a scream of pain as she patted the burned area with her hands. She began to hop around the room on one foot, crying out as she bounced from one foot to the other. When she finally sat down to survey the damage, Wanda was horrified to see a large blister starting to form on that very vital part of her anatomy.

All Joan could say was, "Gosh, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

"You did it on purpose!" Wanda snapped. "They'll never give me the job with this ugly welt on my leg." Wanda then added a choice epithet which questioned the legitimacy of Joan's birth and, without warning, smacked her right fist into Joan's eye!

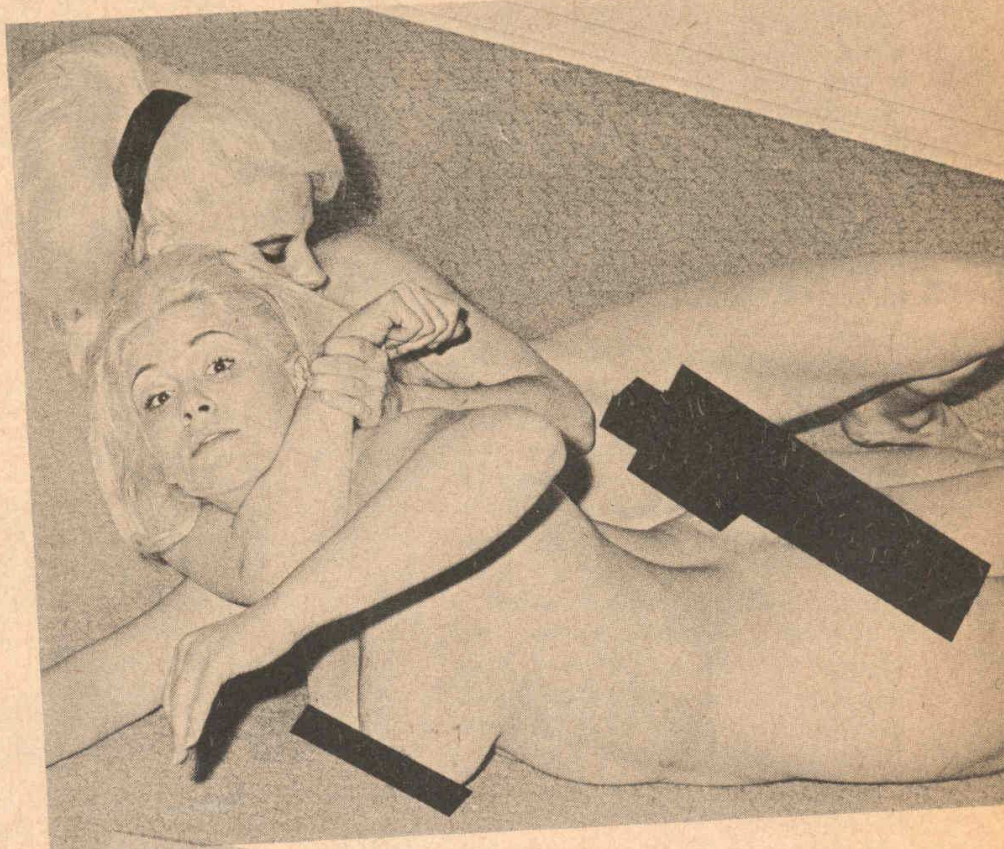
Wanda took one step backwards and in a hate-filled voice growled, "Now we're even. Let's see if they give you the job with a black eye!"

Instantly, Joan and Wanda were at each other's throats, kicking, punching, clawing. Their screams of rage brought casino officials, including the director, racing to the battle scene. The girls were quickly separated and the director had one more order: "Get dressed and get out!"

A few minutes later, Joan and Wanda were standing outside the casino, on Vegas' famed "Strip."

"You cost me that job," Wanda said angrily.

Joan's big blue eyes traced the



Above: Wanda tries to make Joan quit with headlock. Right: Joan tries to get counter headlock.

curves on Wanda's figure from top to bottom. She grinned and in a voice filled with sarcasm said, "You'd never have gotten it anyway."

That was too much for Wanda. She exploded and in an instant they were again clawing each other. They might still be ripping each other apart had it not been for the interference of one man.

Two muscular arms pulled them apart and held them out of range of each other's fists. The man who owned those arms, a burly, handsome man, gazed at them curiously and said, "You girls are wasting your time—and talents. I'll pay you, and pay you well, for what you're doing for nothing."

Joan and Wanda looked at each other in amazement, then turned their eyes on the smiling face before them. "What are you talking about?" Joan asked.

"Let me explain," the man began. "You see, I'm a photographer. My name is Jerry Morton and I specialize in exciting, action photography. Pictures of beautiful people exerting themselves to bring out maximum muscular definition. I'll admit, it is a rather unique field," Morton concluded.

The photographer further explained that he would want Joan and Wanda to wrestle each other. But that they would have to wrestle in the nude.

Wanda turned her attention back to Joan. "It's okay with me," she snapped. "I can whip you any time, any place, with clothes or without clothes! I might as well get paid for it. That is if you're not yellow!"

That did it. Joan leaped at Wanda and they were off and running again.

"Calm down," the photographer barked as he tore the clawing blondes apart. "Now you tell me, do you want to accept my offer or do you want to fight it out here on the sidewalk like a couple of alley cats?"

They accepted the proposition, and the next afternoon, as had been arranged, Joan and Wanda showed up at the photographer's studio ready to battle it out for personal satisfaction—and dol-



When Wanda Knight worked Joan into this position, she had her at a big disadvantage. Several times Joan was about to quit, but she hung in there.

lars.

He told them to undress at opposite ends of the studio while he carefully adjusted his lights and camera. "Now remember," Morton said, "this is going to be a wrestling match to a finish. It will not end until either one of you is pinned or gives up. I don't want any unnecessary noise, no screaming. Just try to wrestle as best you can. Try to behave like athletes, not wild animals."

The girls' tempers calmed down considerably once Morton proved he was absolute boss. They began to wrestle and Morton began to take his pictures.

"I was surprised that they knew anything about wrestling," Morton

would say later. "What I mean is they seemed to know how to get a headlock, a scissors and even a few rather complex holds like nelsons and leglocks."

Joan appeared to be more skillful than Wanda, but it was apparent that Wanda was somewhat stronger as she managed to break holds with strength alone.

"What they had no idea of," Morton observed, "was how to use counter holds. And you know that the sign of a good wrestler is how effectively he can turn a disadvantaged situation into one of advantage."

The girls battled each other for 23 minutes, with neither winning a fall or giving up. But they were

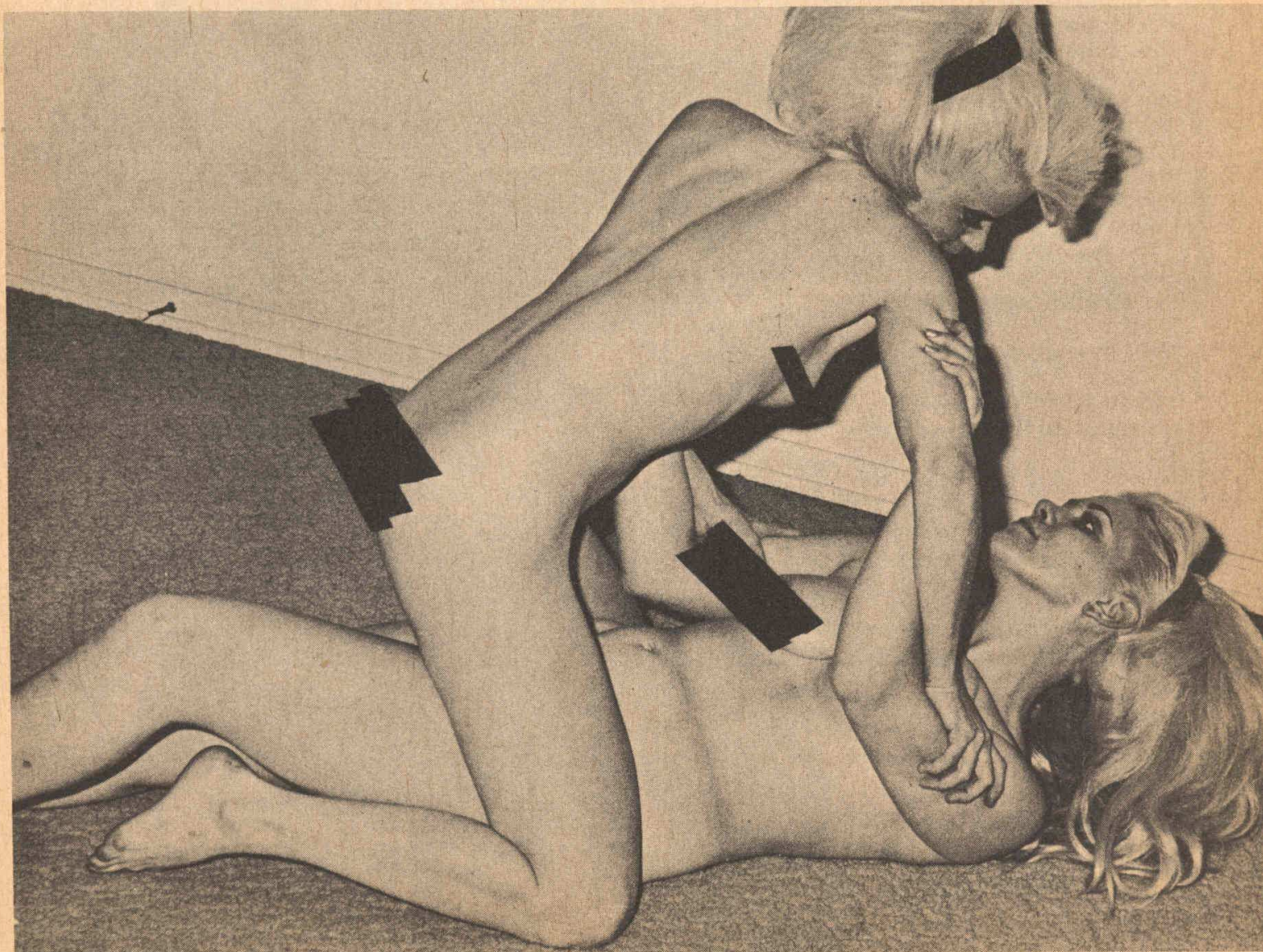
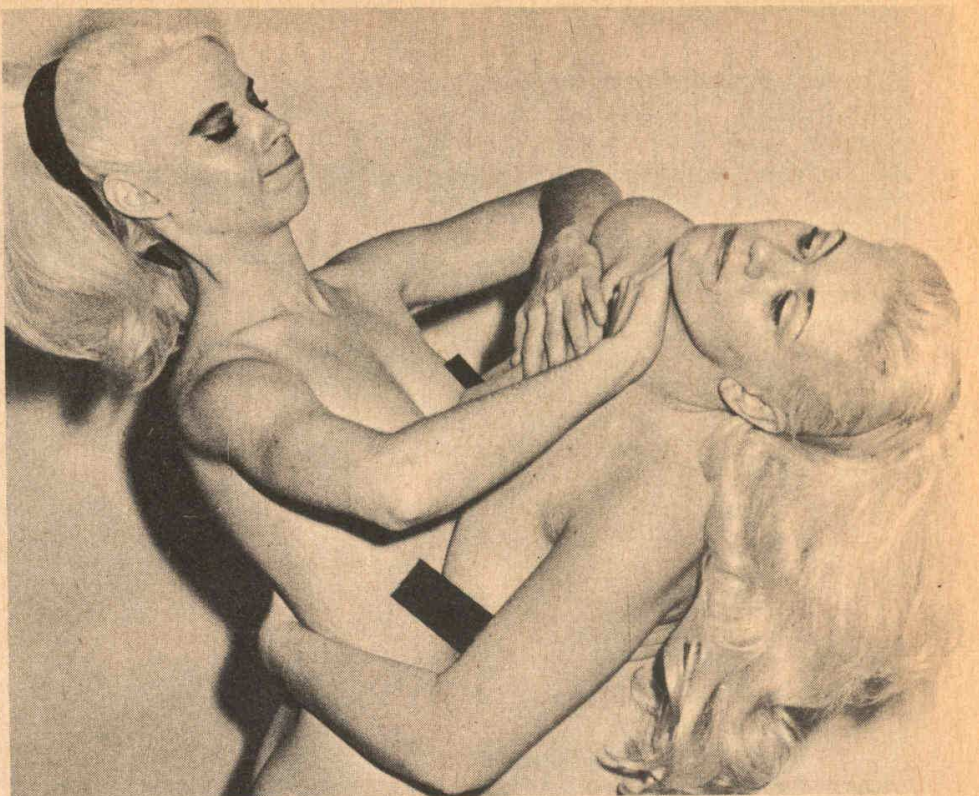
completely exhausted. The stamina of chorus girls doesn't compare with that professional girl wrestlers.

Wanda slipped out of a headlock by simply falling down, and all Joan had the strength to do was to slip to the floor alongside Wanda. If their lives depended on it, they couldn't have raised a hand. The match was over.

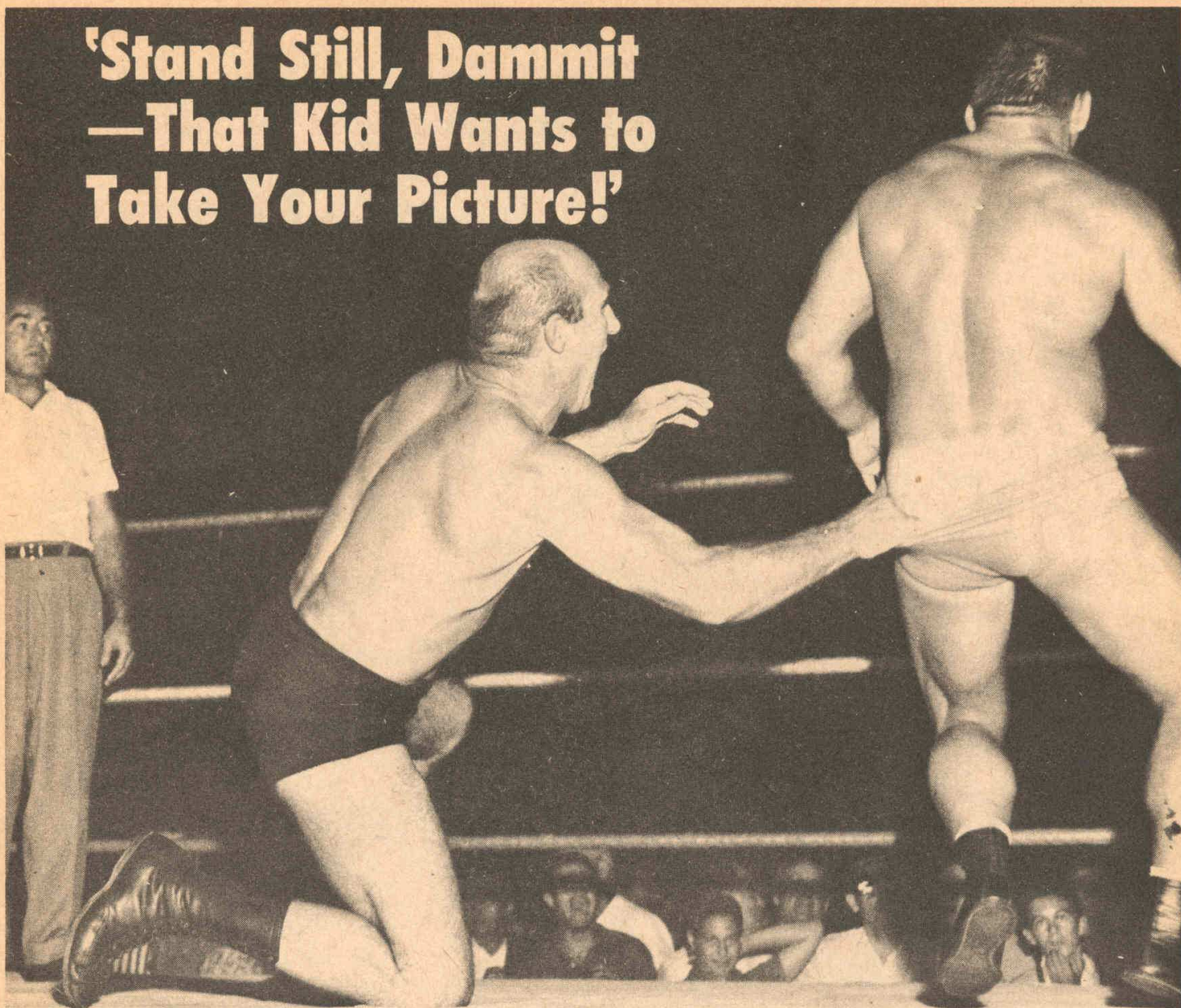
Photographer Morton started to applaud. He was grinning from ear-to-ear and he patted the girls' shoulders. "You did just fine,"

(Continued on page 64)

Right: When Wanda tried to choke Joan, the photographer told her, "Stop choking and wrestle!" Below: Joan digs her long fingernails into Wanda's arm as she tries to throw her off.



'Stand Still, Dammit —That Kid Wants to Take Your Picture!'



BULLET-HEADED Hans Schmidt is the kind of villain who provokes such bromides as: "He has a look that would curdle milk." Yet there was at least one occasion when he did somebody a favor—though, even then, he had an ulterior motive. It was during a bout with the Flying Frenchman, Edouard Carpentier, in Chicago. That night, the Frenchman was really flying and there was this kid, maybe 14 or 15 years old, trying desperately to get a shot of Ed. After a while, his flashbulbs started to annoy Schmidt. At one point, Hans waved a fist at the kid and snarled: "Cut that out, you stupid jerk—you're blinding me!" But the fledgling camera hound kept popping away and Hans kept burning up. Too busy chasing the somersaulting Frenchman, Schmidt didn't have time to bust that "stupid kid's" camera. The only thing he

could hope to do was to grab the slippery Frenchman and hold him for just a second so that the kid could take his picture. Maybe that would satisfy the brat and he'd stop popping his flashgun. Hans tried every maneuver to nail Carpentier but Ed bounced all over the ring, dashing in occasionally to smash Schmidt in the gut or stagger him with a dropkick. The chase was wearing Hans down. Panting heavily, he stood near the ropes and, pointing with his finger, called Carpentier's attention to the kid. But Ed didn't understand. When the flashgun went off again, Hans went wild. He lunged at Ed and just managed to grab him by the pants. "Stand still, dammit!" he roared. "That kid wants to take your picture!" Ed stood still and the kid got his picture—but our man got a better one, from behind—with this result. □

Buddy Colt tried doing the "right" thing. "Man did I try," he'll tell you. "I gave it all I had. And right from the heart! But it didn't work. In fact, it stunk! That's why I say..."

"CLEAN WRESTLERS ARE A DIME A DOZEN! SO TO HELL WITH 'EM!"

Roars Buddy Colt

FEW WRESTLERS HAVE held as many championships, made as much money or done as much traveling as Buddy Colt. Of course the blond, Georgia State Champion isn't as well loved as he might be. But he really doesn't care. Buddy believes he has found the key to success—and he sums it up in his own words:

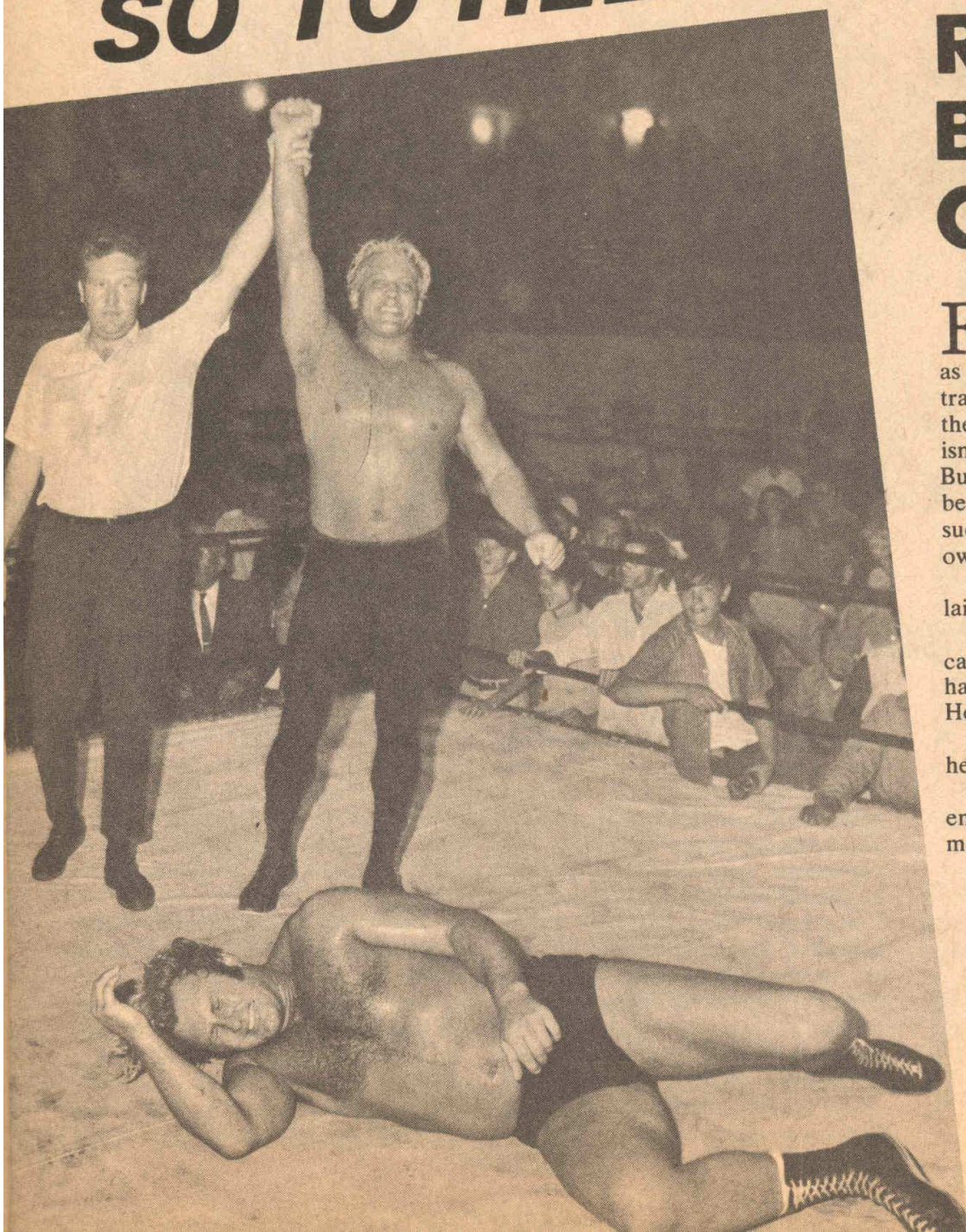
"It's more profitable to be a villain."

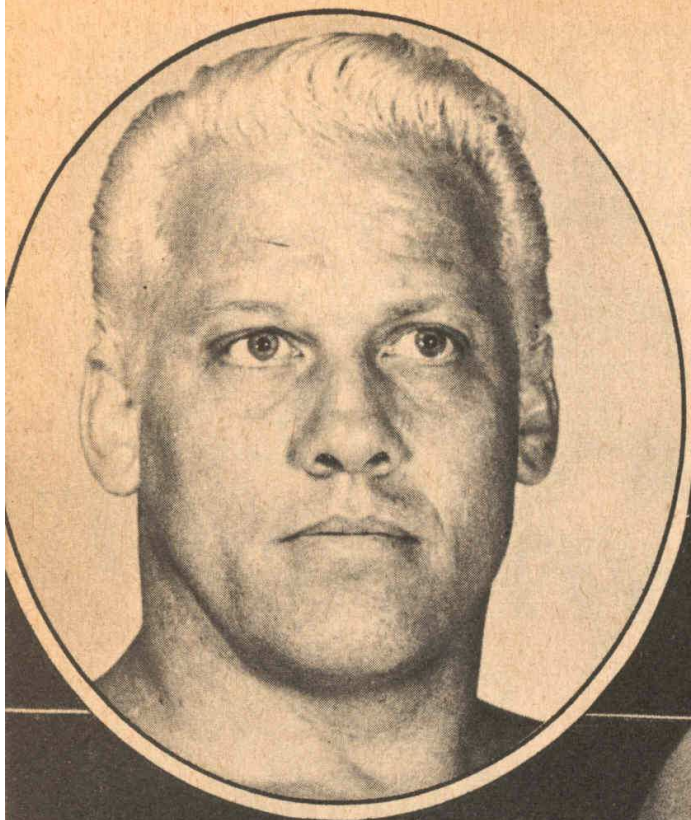
Colt, an ex-Marine, began his career as a clean wrestler. He even had fans asking him for autographs. He liked the cheers.

"But I wasn't going anywhere," he remembered.

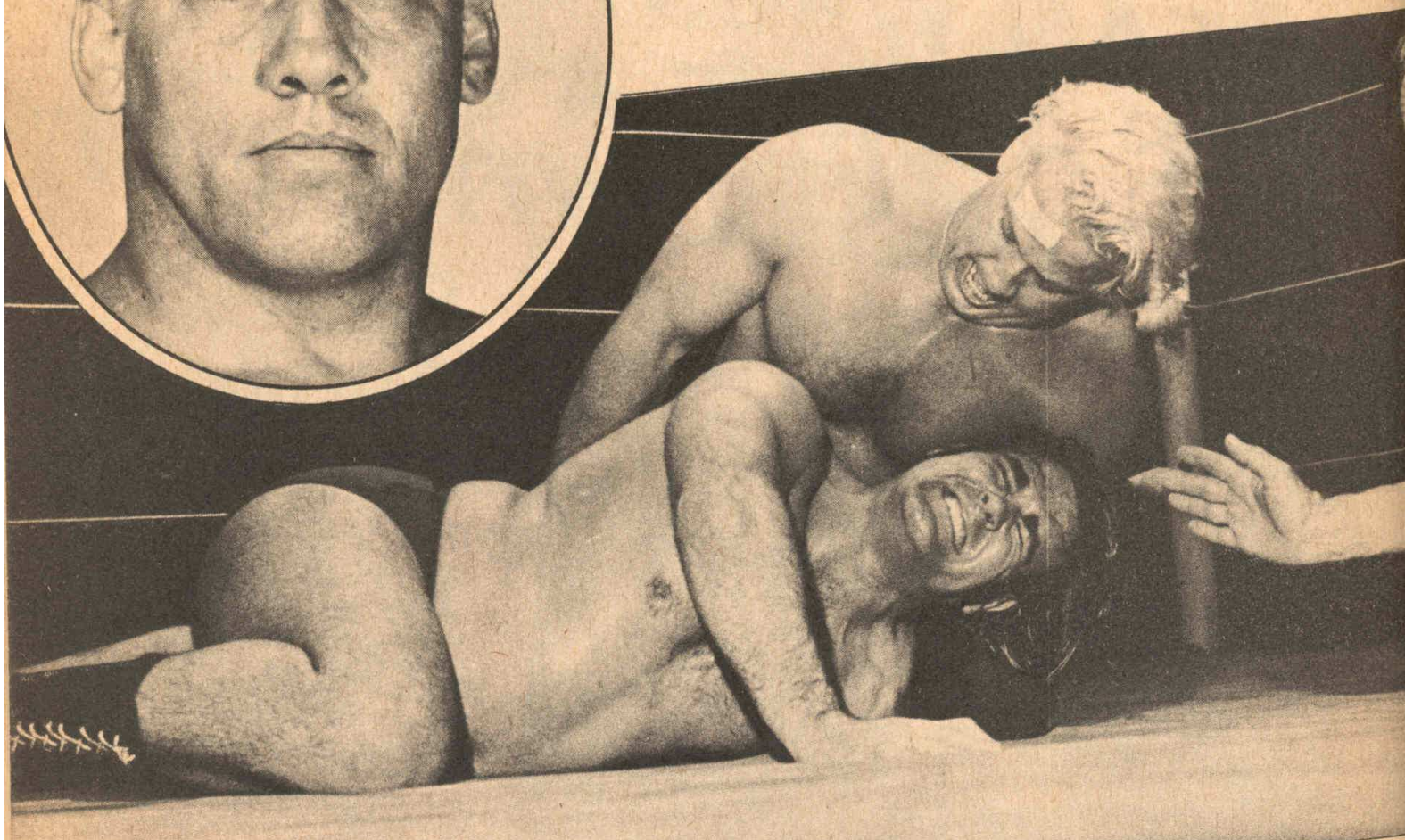
"Clean wrestlers are a dime a dozen! There are thousands of them most people never heard of. They

Colt grins at chanting crowd as he is declared the winner over top-ranked Nick Bockwinkle in a major upset at Atlanta, Ga. "The crowds really get teed-off every time my hand is raised," Buddy says with a chuckle. "It bugs 'em."





"For six years I was what the announcers call a 'popular favorite.' I found out that despite my popularity I wasn't making any money. But I was taking a helluva lot of punishment because I wouldn't do anything against the rules..." Then came the great turnabout and the rules went out the window. Below: Colt punishes Bob Griffin with hammerlock, but what the referee didn't see, and what the picture doesn't show, is Buddy's knee digging into Griffin's back.



take the same lumps as I do. They get their bones broken just as often. And what do they have to show for it? Nothing! Except for a few like Sammartino and Funk most of them never make it. I was heading down that same road. Then one day I woke up. If I was going to get my ribs cracked and my arms broken then you better believe I was going to make it worth my while. Autographs don't buy groceries. You can't deposit cheers at the bank. I changed my style and I haven't regretted it for a minute."

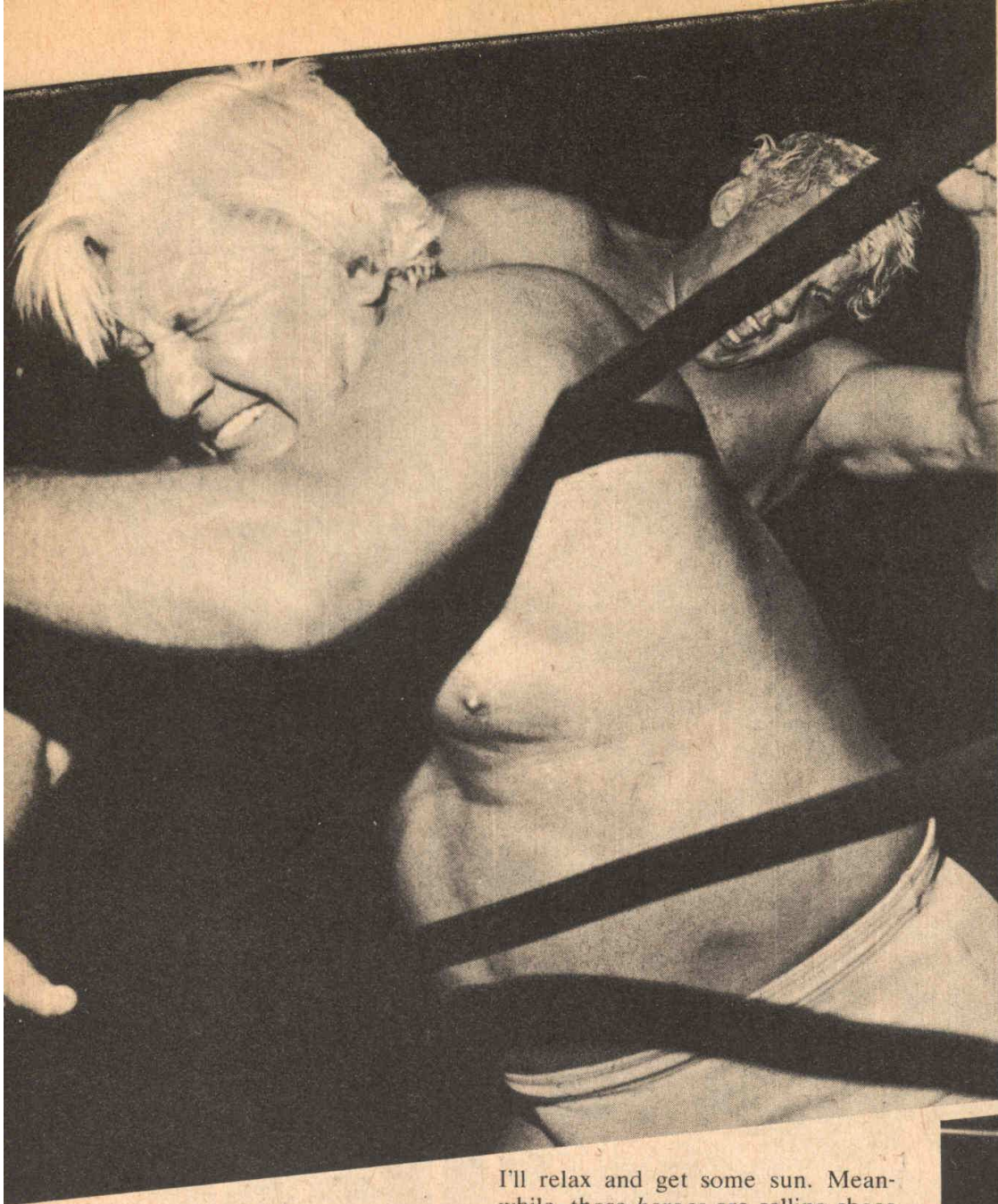
Buddy picked up a barbecued rib, gnawed on it, and continued...

"While those other guys are being cheered, patted on the back, signing autographs or being mobbed by girls, I keep very busy making trips to the bank and talking to my stock broker. Other times I sit in my lawn chair in front of my beautifully, very expensive, Spanish-style home or I lie around my swimming pool. Sometimes I just climb into one of my beautiful automobiles and take a ride to the mountains or the beach. Nobody bothers me for autographs.

"For six years I was what the announcers call a 'popular favorite.' I found out that despite my popularity I wasn't making any money. But I was taking a hell of a lot of

punishment in the ring because I wouldn't do anything against the rules. Let's face it — some nights I was getting the hell kicked out of me. And for what? Finally I got smart. If I have to walk around with scars and stitches and broken bones I'd better be getting paid for it. I don't regret having made the change. Let the other guys sign the autographs."

There's no doubt that the change in attitude has paid off for Buddy Colt. He has wrestled all over the United States, winning various state and area championships. In Japan he won the Far East crown and found success in Australia and England, too. And since he became a villain he's always been a main event wrest-



Left: Colt brutalizes Fred Blassie with kicks into the back. Below: Buddy stands on ropes daring his foe to come into range. "Take a couple more steps," Colt growled. "Come on, I dare you to come closer!"



ler. When you're a main event wrestler it means one thing — money. Big money!

"At first," Colt said, "it used to bother me when all the so-called arm-chair experts got on my back for turning villain. They sit back on their rear ends watching TV or in the audience and they've always got a comment. If any of those pencil-necked geeks or punks ever had enough guts to get into the ring they'd get clobbered. One body slam and they'd never shoot off their big mouths again. But all that doesn't bother me any more.

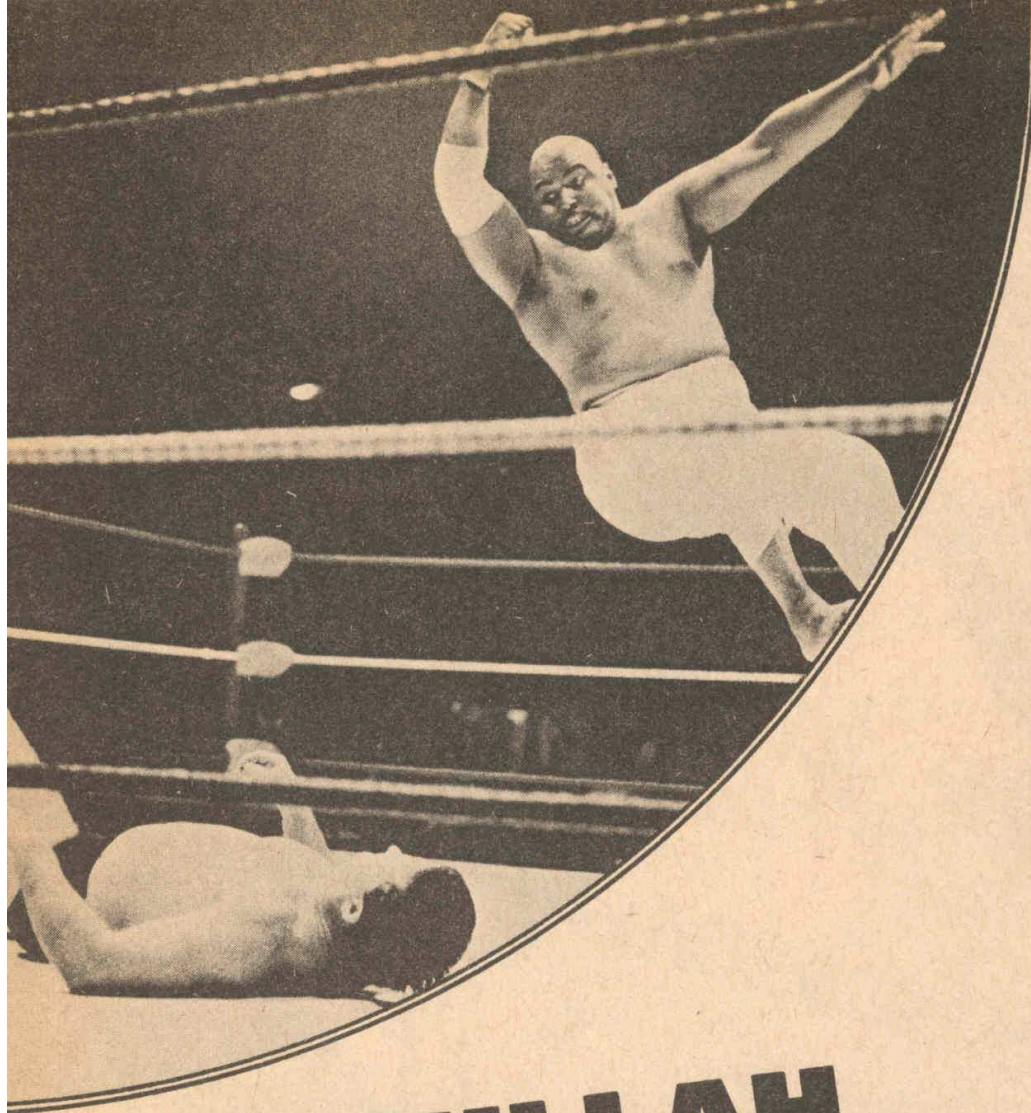
"Now when I stand there in the middle of the ring with my hand raised and all these idiots are booing their lungs out, I just think about going back to my expensive home and maybe taking a dip in my pool.

I'll relax and get some sun. Meanwhile, those *heroes* are selling shoes to make a few extra bucks. And all they can do is dream about the things I already have and the places I've already been to."

To prove his point, Buddy spoke about a wrestler who began his pro career at about the same time he did. He drew a comparison.

"I won't mention any names," Colt said, "because he's a nice guy and I wouldn't want to embarrass him. But we started out together in Tennessee and worked out in the gyms. He was one of those clean-living guys who was out to murder all the villains. At that time I felt the same way. We used to talk about teaming up and going after all the bad guys. Well, we both began traveling around the country, wrestling in preliminaries. Neither one of us was

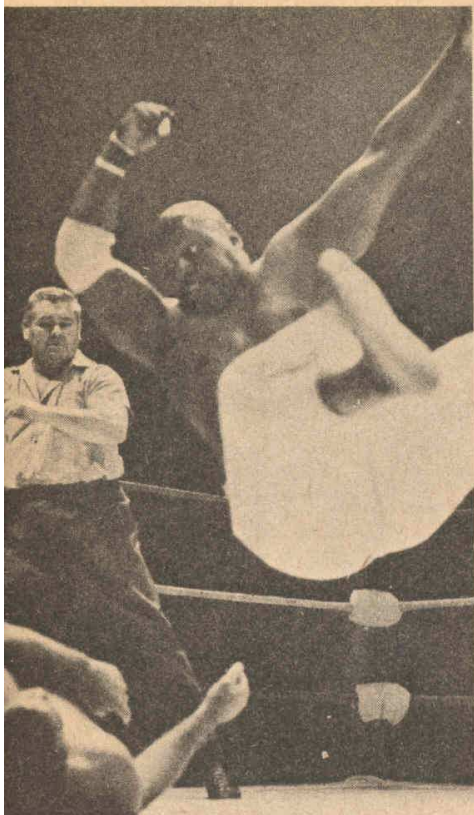
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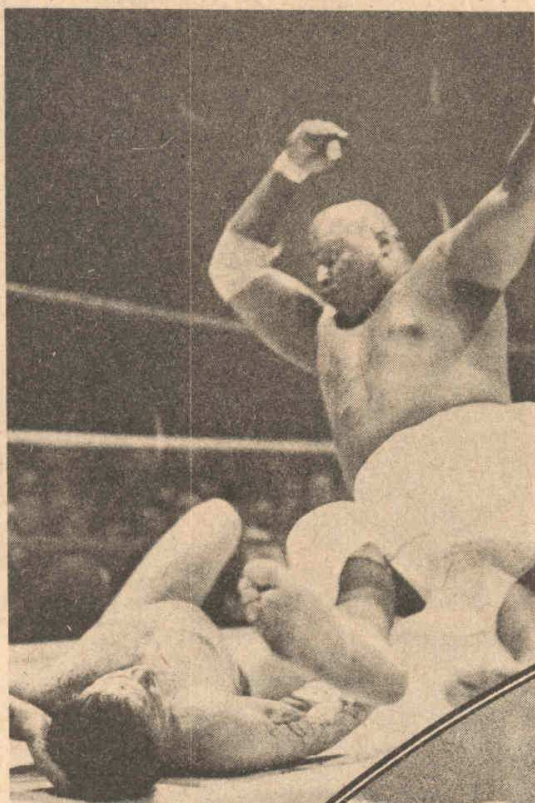
ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

Although Johnny Valentine introduced the elbow-crusher to wrestling, it was Abdullah who developed it into probably the most deadly of all ring weapons. Said one well known star who recently fell victim to both Valentine and Abdullah, "When Valentine slammed his elbow into my head the lights went out. Fast! Painless! But when Abdullah gave it to me, I got dizzy and blood started to pour down my face. He gave it to me again. More blood. Then once more and I was gone. Honest, I thought he was using a knife on me!"

He Uses His Elbow Like a Knife!



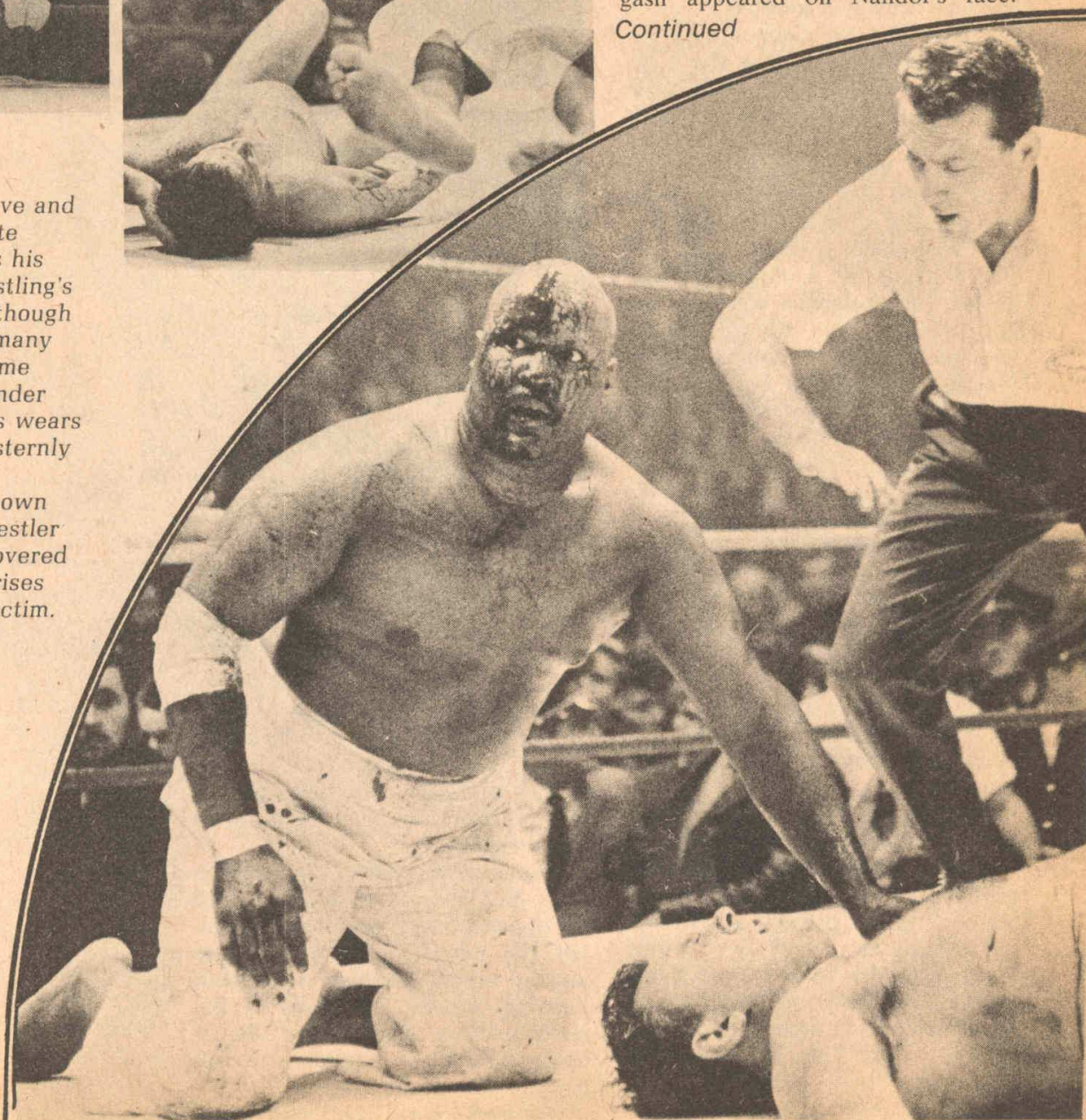
The four pictures (above and opposite page) illustrate how Abdullah changes his elbow into one of wrestling's deadliest weapons. Although he has been accused many times of concealing some kind of metal object under the bandage he always wears around his elbow, he sternly denies it, claiming he needs nothing but his own body to defeat any wrestler in the world. Right: Covered with blood, Abdullah rises after pinning recent victim.



BOB NANDOR FELT the rough canvas underneath his back. He was physically exhausted. He could hardly move. But he knew the terror that zoomed through the air was aimed at his face! No time to move. He could only hope the blackness would set in before the pain.

Meanwhile, the object of Nandor's terror was sailing through the air. Elbow pointed at a grotesque angle, Abdullah the Butcher was about to carve up another victim.

The splat of the Butcher's elbow against Nandor's face made ring-siders turn away in horror. A bloody gash appeared on Nandor's face. *Continued*



Quickly, the 300-pound guided missile got up. He put his hand on his bandage-covered elbow and walked away. The torture, for this night at least, was over.

Abdullah's elbow — the elbow that cuts like a knife — had done its work well. And once again, the mystery of whether or not the Turkish madman keeps anything under his protective bandage remained unsolved.

Wrestlers have claimed that the sadistic Abdullah keeps a sharp object concealed beneath that bandage. Why else, they claim, would it cut through an opponent's skin like a scalpel? But Abdullah has never been caught with it. And he explodes into a frenzy of broken English every time the subject is brought up.

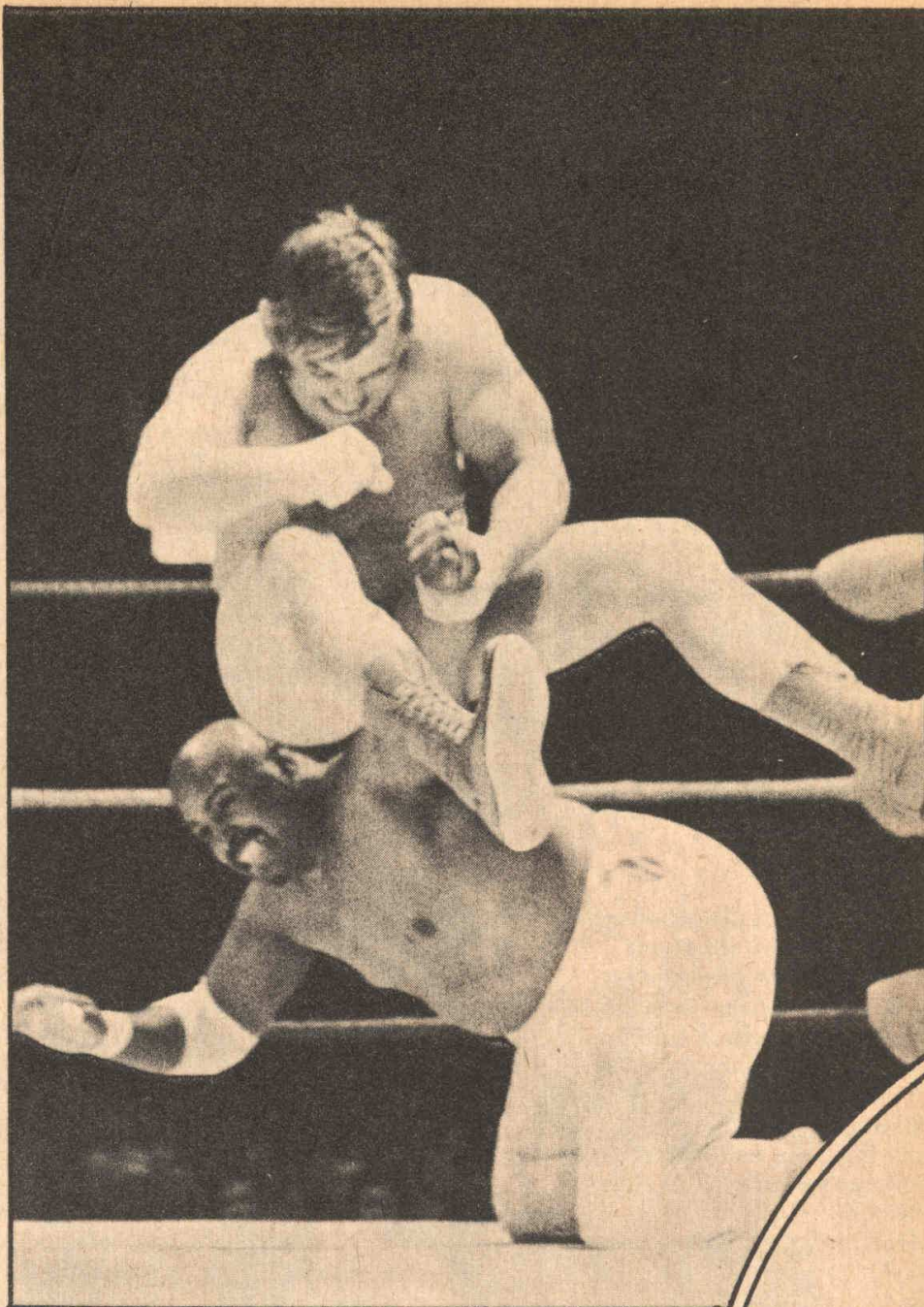
"They are all a bunch of crybabies," he exclaimed when he finally calmed down enough to be understood. "I do not complain when they use my head for a soccer ball. I do not cry to the referee each time blood gushes from my head like a fountain. I am a professional wrestler. I am proud of it. I live with pain and accept it. Why can't they?"

"Many people say my flying elbow should be outlawed. Okay. Then let's outlaw the dropkick, the spinning toehold, the backbreaker, the body slam. Let's outlaw wrestling altogether!"

"This is a man's sport. It is a rough sport. Let those crybabies who can't take punishment take up bowling or golf!"

But what about your elbow bandage? What's underneath it?

"I do not hide anything. I do not have a need to hide anything. I wear the bandage for protection. Without the padding to protect me, I would injure my elbow when I come flying down on my opponent. Don't boxers have their hands taped before they put on gloves? They are protecting their hands, their livelihood. I am protecting my elbow. It is my living."

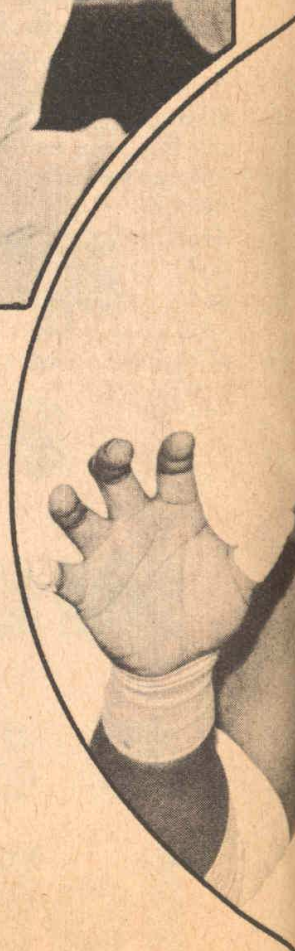


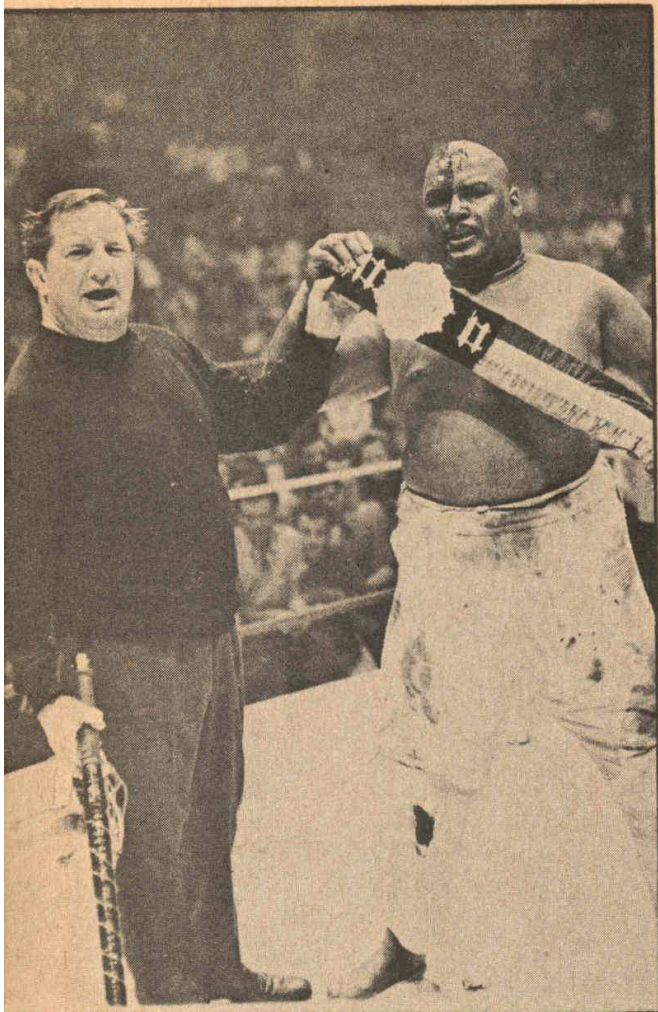
Fast, clever opponents like Ed Carpentier give the Turk the most trouble. Here Carpentier tries to break Abdullah's arm after he was hit with an elbow.

Abdullah's controversial elbow-crusher is not new to wrestling. Johnny Valentine introduced it. But it was Abdullah who developed it into probably the most lethal of all ring weapons.

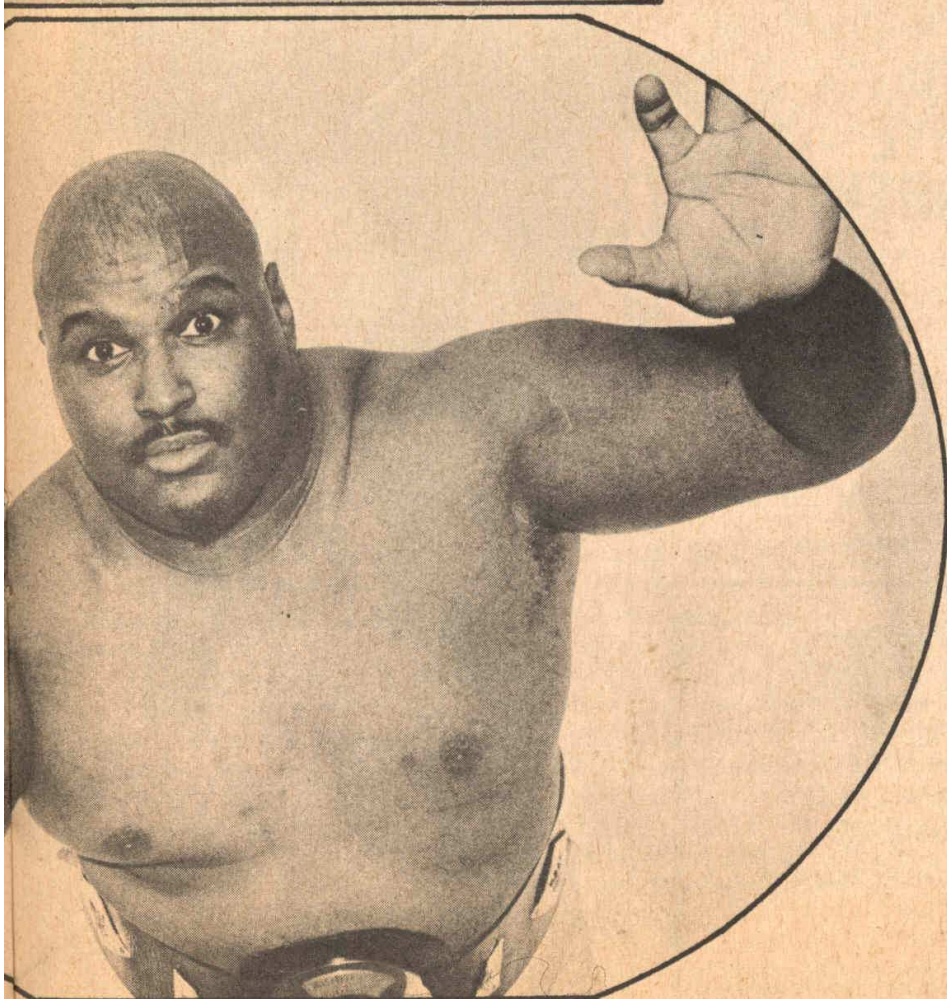
It is somewhat like a flying dropkick. But instead of smashing into his opponent with both feet, Abdullah The Butcher soars through the air and comes crashing down with his right elbow. The force of the slashing elbow has cracked ribs. It could even kill if directed at a vulnerable part of the body.

One well-known star, who asked





Abdullah's former manager, Eddie Creatchman, poses proudly with the ferocious Turk after Abdullah won a regional championship in Canada. Abdullah's one apparent weakness is that he cuts easily around the face, as this picture shows. He began to bleed before the match was three-minutes old. Below: After much pleading, Abdullah agreed to pose for this portrait in our photo studio.



not to be identified, has lost to both Valentine and Abdullah. He admitted: "When Valentine slammed his elbow into my head the lights went out. Fast! Painless!"

"But when Abdullah gave it to me, I got dizzy and blood started to pour down my face. He gave it to me again. More blood. Then once more and I was gone. Honest, I thought he was using a knife on me!"

One of Abdullah's victims, Jacques Rougeau, admits, "That big Turk is as tough as they come. I don't think he's afraid of anything. But he has more than an elbow-crusher. That's his knockout punch. He uses that only after he's worn down an opponent. He's strong as a bear and just as ruthless. He bounced me around the ring until I was exhausted. Then he took off like a high diver and came crashing down with that elbow pointed at my chest. I tried with all my strength to roll out of the way, but I couldn't make it. That's the last thing I can remember."

There is a man, however, who can't wait to meet Abdullah The Butcher—Johnny Valentine.

"I've challenged that oversized ape a dozen times," says Big John.

"I've sent him letters and telegrams. I even sent him a box of candy for Valentine's Day with a little card attached... 'Choke on these Abdullah'."

"You know what? I think he's too scared to match elbows with me. No wrestling, just flying elbows. We'll start out standing on our feet, each taking turns throwing elbows. All I need is one shot and he's gone!"

"If he wants, I'll even lay down and wait for him to come at me. I'll give him first crack. What more can a guy do? He can't keep running away from me forever," moaned Valentine.

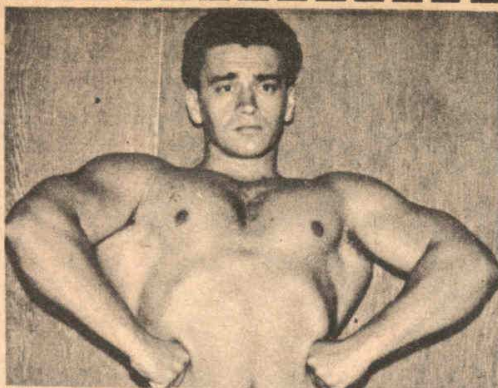
The terrible Turk, however, says he's not running away from Valentine's challenge. He just isn't interested, that's all.

(Continued on page 55)

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**"CLEAN WRESTLERS
ARE A DIME
A DOZEN!"**

(Continued from Page 37)



Colt, wearing the Georgia heavyweight championship belt, happily posed for this special portrait.

LOSING HAIR?

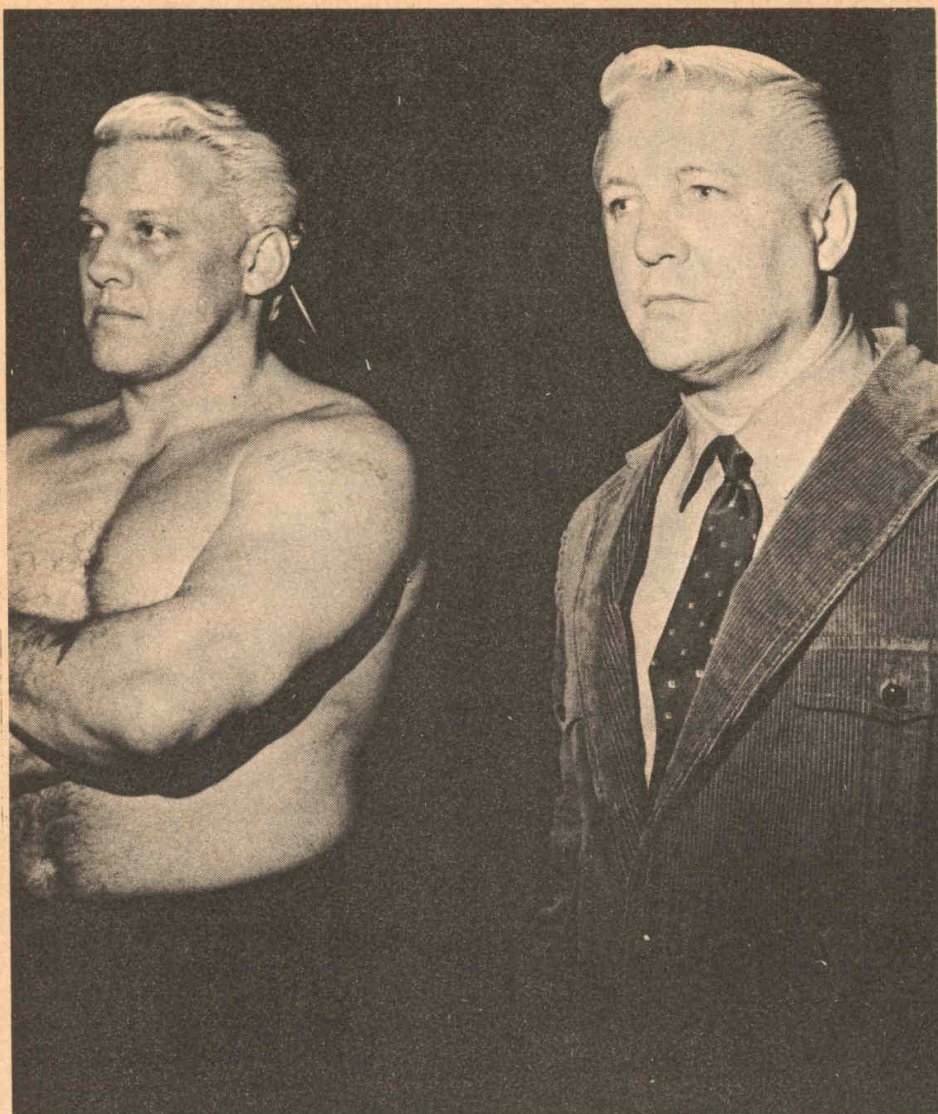
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getting anywhere, so I decided to change my image. This guy never would. He said he couldn't be happy as a villain. So to this day he's a 'good guy' and he doesn't have half of what I have. Occasionally he wrestles in a main event but mostly he stays in prelims. Sure the fans love him. But I feel sorry for him. I'm making all this money and this guy is still struggling. I bet if I invited him to Atlanta to visit me for a week he'd change his image, too."

Buddy laughed as he remembered the night he decided to change his image. He was wrestling Nikita Mulkovich.

"He used every trick in the book on me," Colt remembered. "He kicked, he gouged, he kneed me and pulled my hair. But this time I gave him back everything he gave me — and double! He was the most surprised guy in the place. For six months he refused to talk to me because he thought I had double-crossed him. Then, when we later appeared on the same cards, he

Colt (left) and popular Billy Spears watch action in Atlanta ring from just outside dressing room door. But don't get the wrong idea. They're not friends.

saw how tough I was. Finally he came over to me and said, 'welcome to the club.' We've been friends ever since."

Even Mulkovich, who had just joined Colt in the restaurant, had to laugh about that bout.

"I was so angry I wanted to tear his ears off," Nikita said. "If a man is a dirty wrestler — fine. That's what he is. If he's a clean wrestler — that's also fine. But when a man with his reputation (modding towards Colt) turns around and steals MY stuff — well I can't tell you how mad I was. Finally, when I was sure that Buddy didn't do it just to embarrass me, I even gave him a few tips," Nikita quipped.

"Yeah," Colt broke in. "You sure did. And thanks for nothing!" □

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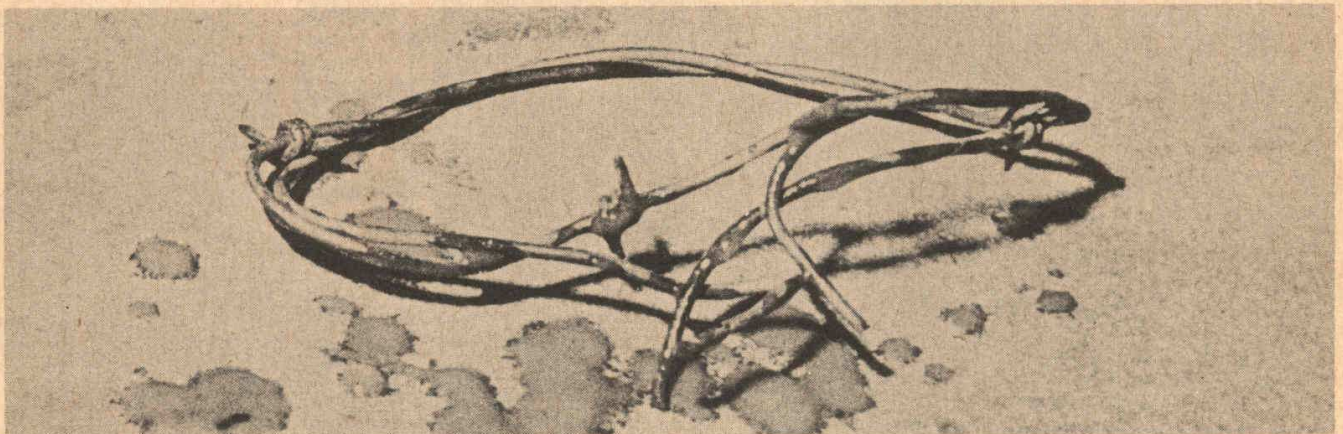
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THE BRAWL WE JUST HAD TO INVESTIGATE!



This piece of barbed wire, twisted to fit around a fist and laying in a pool of blood, is the evidence.

This magazine is dedicated to one basic premise: the impartial reporting of wrestling news from around the world. We take no sides, play no favorites and try to report both sides of every story in a straightforward, objective manner.

However, a recent incident in Chicago has forced us to put aside our basic policy and turn detective because we believe that unless quick legal action is taken in this case, the sport will suffer irreparable damage.

At this very moment, our investigators are busy gathering the facts, and we cannot make any judgments or recommendations until all the facts are in. However, this we promise: if the guilty party is unveiled, we will institute formal charges with the Illinois State Athletic Commission that he be banned for life.

We hope our readers will support us in this drastic action.

The Editors

THERE IS NO love lost for the Bruiser as far as Blackjack Lanza and his manager, Bobby Heenan, are concerned. And the Bruiser will be the first to tell you that he has never hated anybody with the fierce passion he reserves for Lanza and Heenan.

Since Bruiser had been spouting off about how he was willing to take on *both* of them at the same time—the only way Heenan would agree to wrestle the Bruiser—a special handicap match was arranged.

Everyone knew there would be fireworks. But nobody realized how deep the hatred between these adversaries really went.

The Chicago Amphitheater was packed for the bout because both the Bruiser and Heenan vowed a public apology if he lost—an event in itself.

The recent handicap match in Chicago—the Bruiser against Blackjack Lanza and Bobby Heenan—ended in a rare triple disqualification. But there is much more to the bizarre story. Outside the ring after the brawl had ended, our photographer found a piece of blood-spattered barbed wire, twisted to fit around a fist! Under questioning, all three wrestlers vehemently denied bringing the barbed wire into the ring. But the shocking evidence was there. Somebody had used it during the match. But which one?

“These two, especially that crud Heenan, have been mouthing off for too long,” Bruiser roared before the match. “What I have planned for them will make them wish they’d never been born!”

Heenan, too, was not without his pre-match warning.

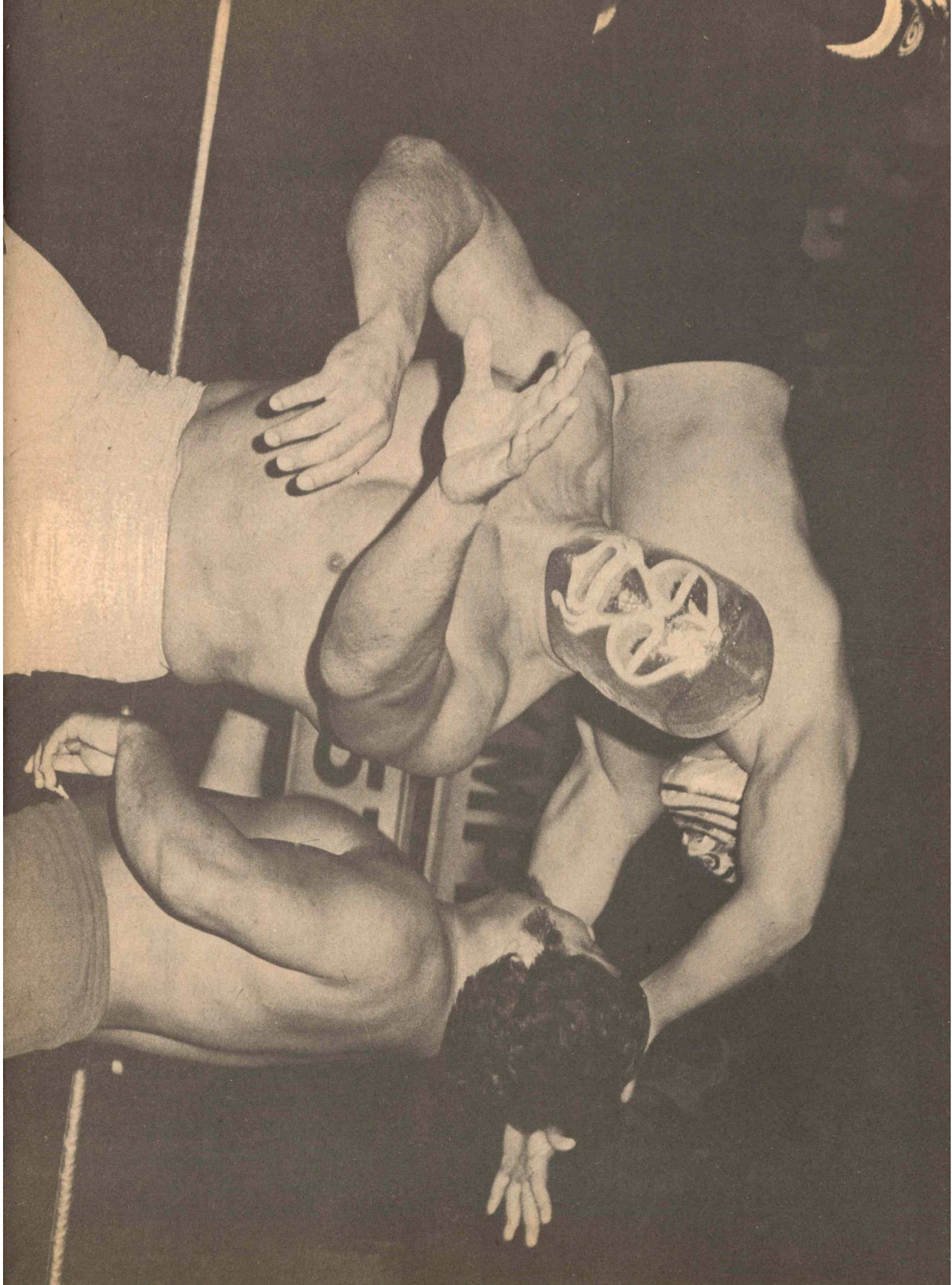
“Bruiser thinks he’s the toughest guy in the world,” Bobby spouted before climbing into the ring. “Wait’ll he sees our little surprise.”

It is nothing new for wrestlers to warn of “surprises” or “special plans” before a match. But in looking back at those quotes in light of what developed afterwards, somebody obviously had more in mind than mere verbal threats.

The first fall, by the standards usually set by these particular
(Continued on Page 60)



Bobby Heenan, his face bathed in his own blood, fitted the piece of barbed wire around his fist to prove it was too large to fit his hand. He asked our photographer to take this picture to prove he is innocent.





IT'S A BIRD...IT'S A PLANE...IT'S...

Day after day the two brothers practiced. And when the big moment finally arrived...well...it didn't work out quite like they'd planned it

MIL MASCARAS MAY never know what a good teacher he is.

The sensational masked Mexican spent several weeks during his busy schedule trying to teach his brother, El Sicodelico, how to execute a flying bodypress.

And when it finally came time for

Mil's younger brother to show what he learned, Mil didn't even get a chance to see it, even though he was less than 10 feet away! In fact, his back was turned just when it happened!

Mil had trained with Sicodelico at

their secret training headquarters in a small town in Baja, California. Step by step he went over the procedure. But Sicodelico's first attempts ended in disaster. Mil, playing the role of the opponent, managed to duck every one of his brother's dives. Sicodelico was fast enough, but his timing was off.

Day after day they practiced, and more often than not Sicodelico wound up doing a belly whop onto

(Continued on page 64)



THE MUMMY'S TERRIBLE CURSE

Totally bandaged with a shock of black hair falling to his shoulders, the Mummy (upper left) presents a horrifying picture for fans, particularly those seeing him for the first time. Closeup (above) shows new bandage strips used to replace those ripped off by opponents.

What started as an ingenious scheme got completely out of hand. He lost his own personality and actually became, in his own mind, a man who lived 5,000 years ago!



Mummy clamps a chinlock on Jerry Kozak (left) while he tries to find a nerve in his victim's neck with his left hand. When he locates the nerve, he releases the chinlock and goes to work on the nerves on both sides of his victim's neck (below). The hold is not a choke, although it appears so. It is a deadly nerve-paralyzer, a tactic twice as dangerous as a choke.



IN ANCIENT EGYPT, among the people who prayed to Amman Ra, The Sun God, there was a legend passed on from generation to generation. Within that legend there was also a curse:

"He who defiles the ancient tombs of Egypt shall die a horrible death!"

Like all legends and mythology, this one too had its basis in fact. And according to the high priests of Egypt, the legend concerned a certain Princess named Ananka and the man who loved her, Karis.

Princess Ananka was the daughter of one of the Pharaohs of Egypt and thus was born to royalty. Karis, however, was not of royal blood. When their romance was discovered, Karis was ordered buried alive! This was done by wrapping bandages, soaked in flour and water, around him, putting him in a tomb, and burying him.

When the Princess found out what had happened, she committed suicide. Ra, The Sun God, ordered that they should be buried side-by-side, so they could lie together in death as they had not been able to in life. And a curse was put on the head of anyone who would disturb their slumber through the centuries.

That, according to legend, is the end of the story. But when the movie-makers found out about it, they changed things around so that according to *their* story, the tomb of Princess Ananka was discovered by a team of British archeologists and taken to England. The "Curse of Amman Ra" was put on the heads of the archeologists, and Karis was brought back to life by a high priest so that he could return the body of his beloved Ananka to her tomb in Egypt.

Karis, a mummy, was kept alive by the high priests by drinking a brew made from the ancient tana leaves. According to the movie, Karis, after killing many people, finds Ananka and returns her to her tomb.

Now there is another mummy wandering the earth. He is a wrestler, a South American named Benjamin

Ramirez. He got the idea while sitting around with a group of students at a South American wrestling school. He had never heard of Karis or Princess Ananka.

"The Mummy" became one of the most unique and successful characters in wrestling. But recently, according to those who know him, a horrible change has taken place in The Mummy.

"He believes he *is* the Karis of the Egyptian legend," said a fellow wrestler. "He actually believes he has been sent by the high priests of Egypt to destroy the men who violated Ananka's tomb. It started out as a gimmick. But something happened—and now he actually believes he is a mummy!"

According to the information our reporters dug up from Ramirez' family and friends, he saw the movie about Karis and was deeply moved. He began reading everything he could about the legends of Egypt, spending hours in university libraries pouring over ancient scrolls, and he even learned the ancient Egyptian communication system of hiero-

glyphics. The more he read the more fascinated he became. After a while, he became so involved in it he actually took a trip to Egypt, where he could learn more about the legend from some actual high priests.

"When he got back from Egypt he was a changed person," said fellow wrestler Bull Ramos, one of The Mummy's few friends in the profession. "I couldn't understand him anymore. He was no longer Benjie Ramirez. He said he was Karis and had been ordered by the high priests of Egypt to find Princess Ananka and return her to her tomb.

"I thought he was kidding or he flipped out until I did a little research," Ramos continued. "I found out he'd been reading ancient Egyptian legends and now actually believed that it was ordained by a superior power that he should be a mummy. He actually believes he is the reincarnation of this Karis character."

As weird as it sounds, what Ramos said could very well be true. According to psychologist Dr. William Ryan, who has studied wrestlers for a num-

ber of years, The Mummy was originally "role playing."

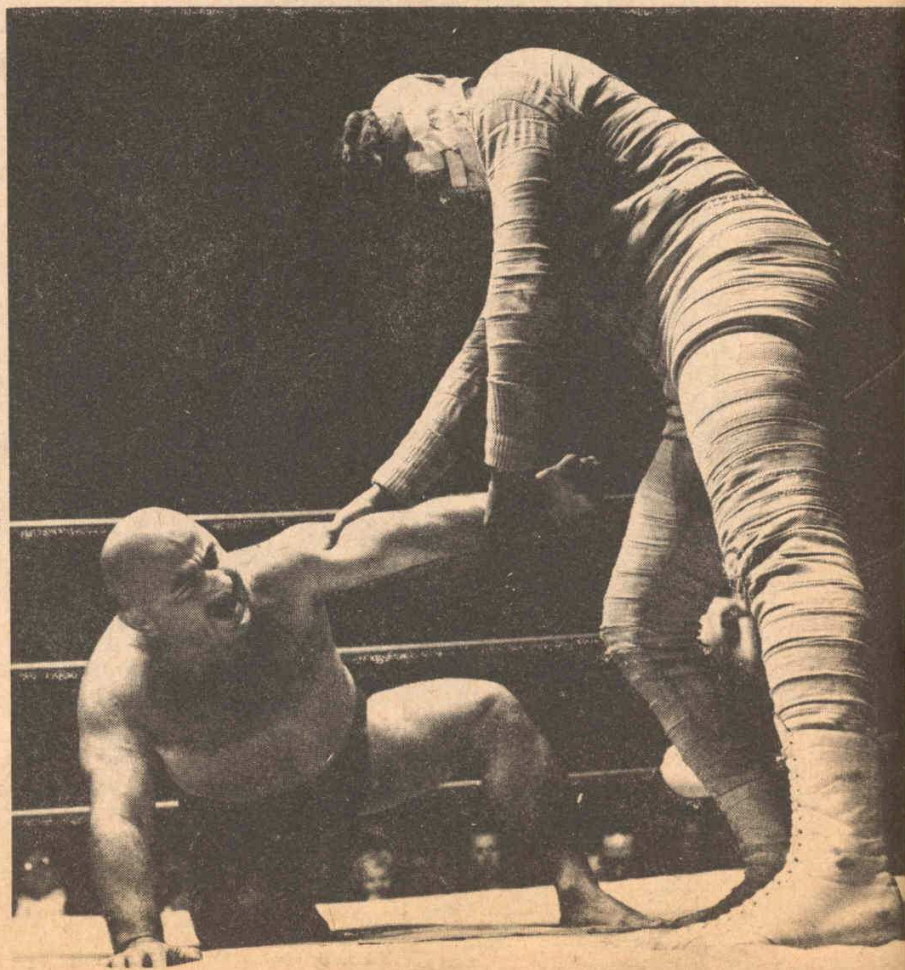
"When a person plays a role for a long enough time," Dr. Ryan said, "after a while it ceases to be a role. He actually becomes that person, or at least he believes he is that person. It's like a person who tells the same lie over and over. After a while, as far as that person is concerned, the lie becomes the truth. He really believes it.

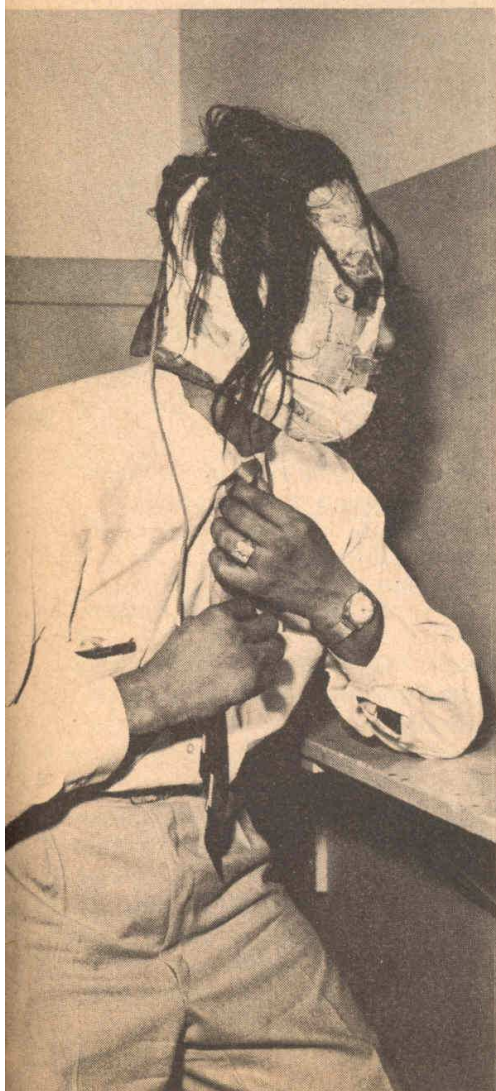
"The Mummy became so fascinated by his study of Egyptian legends, particularly the story of Karis and Ananka, he began to picture himself part of that legend. He actually believes that his mission on earth is to fulfill the curse of Amman Ra and bring death and destruction to those who violated the ancient tombs of Egypt. In his mind, his opponents, the other wrestlers, are *those* people. As far as Ramirez is concerned, he *is* Karis. He *is* a mummy! The role he played has completely taken over his identity and he can no longer separate it from reality."

"You can see he's weird from what he does in the ring," Bull Ramos add-



The Mummy clamps a headlock on Jerry Kozak (above) while he rubs his free arm across his victim's eyes. Many wrestlers claim his abrasive bandages give the Mummy an unfair advantage. While wrestling Ali Bey (right), the Mummy almost pulled Bey's arm right out of its socket. The way the arena lights reflect off his bandages gives the Mummy an eerie appearance.





Police have to restrain the Mummy (top, left) after a particularly brutal match. At one time the Mummy changed into a business suit after a match (left), but now he remains in his bandages 24 hours a day, even when reading ancient books.

ed. "He was never what you'd call a clean, scientific wrestler. But no matter how rough he got or how often he was disqualified, he stopped short of maiming anybody. Not any more. He's out to kill every opponent he faces!

"Did you ever notice how he looks ... no ... make that how he stares at women sitting at ringside. He is always looking for Ananka and he thinks every opponent is trying to stop him from finding her.

"In the dressing room he is a different person. He talks to no one. He does not even answer to his name. He has taken on the identity of Karis and believes he is from Egypt and that he is a member of the living dead. It's no fun to be around this guy any more, believe me!"

For wrestling fans who have never seen The Mummy, he is indeed a horrifying sight. He walks as if in a trance, arms stiff, legs like concrete pillars. He is wrapped from the neck down in muslin bandages, just like a

mummy from ancient Egypt. The strips are stained with dirt and blood—the blood of his opponents!

A mask covers most of his face and the skin you can see appears rotted. Black hair sticks out from the top of the mask. He truly looks like a walking corpse—a man who has been dead for thousands of years. He is huge, 6-3, 250 pounds. And wrestlers say he carries the smell of death around him.

"It started as a gimmick," remembered Ramos, "and it was the best one I ever saw. But now it has gone much too far. He has completely lost control of himself. I don't know where it's going to stop!"

Attempts at interviewing The Mummy were fruitless. He has forgotten the little English he knew, no longer speaks his native Spanish, and now babbles what one college professor insists is one of the ancient languages of Egypt—a language believed extinct thousands of years ago!

Is it ESP? Is The Mummy, as he believes, a reincarnation of an ancient mummy? Is he psychologically unbalanced?

"We have had many cases of people believing they are someone else," said Dr. Ryan. "People under the influence of drugs like LSD have been known to jump out of windows because they thought they were Superman and could fly. People have found themselves suddenly able to read and speak languages they never learned and believed they were living the reincarnation of a former life. Such things are not unusual.

"This man did it without drugs. He read and studied and became more and more involved with his role. Soon the character of a wrestler masquerading as a mummy faded and the character of a *real* mummy replaced the character."

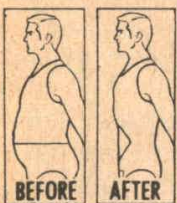
Whatever the mysterious reasons behind The Mummy's transformation, the central point is that he now believes he is Karis. And according to those familiar with the ancient Egyptian legend—he is 10 times as dangerous as he was before! He is a man possessed with carrying out a curse:

"He who defiles the ancient tombs of Egypt shall die a horrible death!" □

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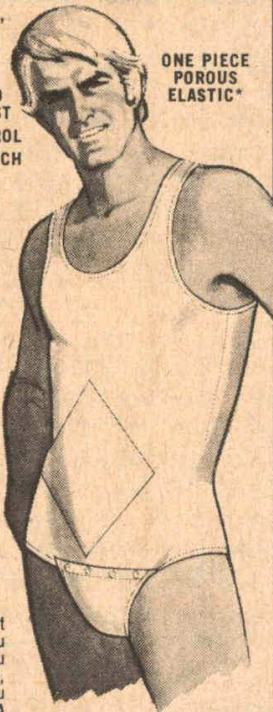
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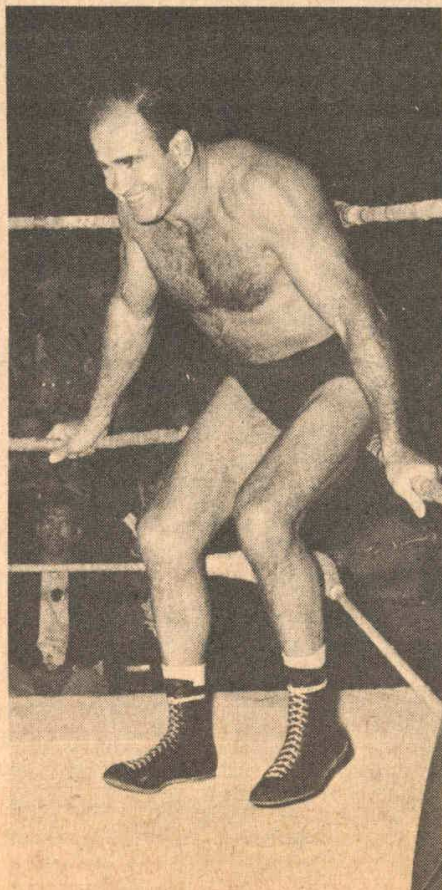
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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 10)

the local stations censored much of the match. They claim they've never seen anyone as vicious as Blassie... Johnny Powers and Bobo Brazil have been teaming recently and the fans love 'em! Their battle against Pampero Firpo and The Sheik was one of the wildest matches in history... Rough Roger Kirby is walkin' proud with the Central States title around his waist. Omar Atlas, whom Kirby upset for the belt says, "If I would have been beaten within the rules I wouldn't complain. Kirby knows he didn't win fairly."

Victor Rivera would like to take on Goliath and Black Gordman at the same time! He hates them both and, "nothing would give me more pleasure than destroying them at the same time," Victor admitted... Bull Curry wore an asbestos mask to protect himself from The Sheik's fire throwing in their recent match... Billy "Superstar" Graham was disqualified in his title match with A.W.A. king Verne Gagne... Don Leo Jonathan and John "Andre The Giant" Ferre have brought their feud to the W.W.W.F. area... Professor Tanaka and Mr. Fugi demonstrated their judo and karate skills in front of a nationwide TV audience. They're both experts.



Ray Stevens is burning at the referee who officiated in his match against northern California's U.S. champion, The Great Mephisto.

"He stopped the match because he thought I was too bloody to continue," Stevens claimed. "I insisted I could go on and beat Mephisto but he refused to listen. I've cut myself a lot worse. It was only a small nick. I have a feeling Mephisto was in cahoots with that referee."

The Pro and The Medic went against two-and-a-half men recently. Two-and-a-half? You read it right. Their opponents were Hippie Boyette, El Sicodelico and midget sensation Frenchy Lamont... Wo are the mysterious men calling them-



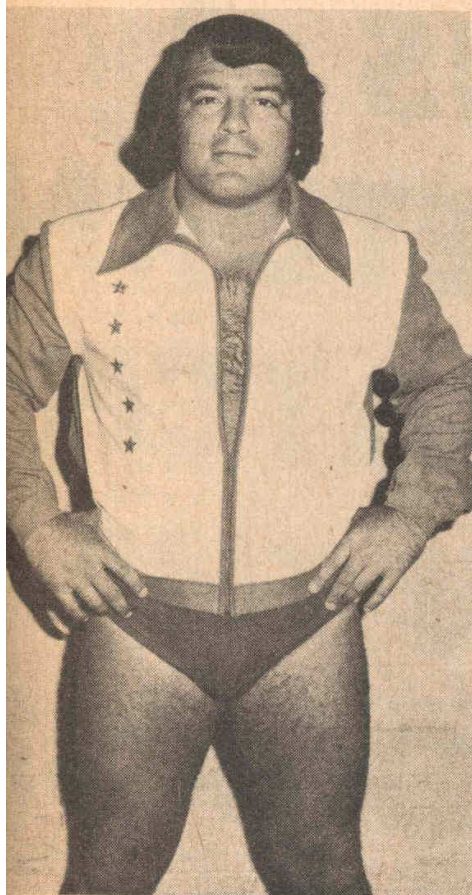
Professor Toru Tanaka (above) gives a demonstration of his karate skill on television. Six-time heavyweight champion Lou Thesz (left) again came out of retirement and is wrestling in the south. Welcome back, Champ.

selves "The Saints." Their violent tactics certainly don't justify their name.

Lou Thesz, the man who held the National Wrestling Alliance title six times, has come out of retirement and is wrestling regularly in Atlanta, Georgia.

"I feel like I'm 22 years old," Thesz told our correspondent. "I'm not looking for another title shot but if the promoters think I'm worthy, I won't argue. Dory Funk Jr. is a great champion and I'd look forward to wrestling him in a title or a non-title match."

Chief Jay Strongbow admits, "I can't wrestle clean when I go against The Sheik. I hope my fans won't think bad of me but when I'm in the ring with him it's win any way I can"...Eric The Animal set a record. He was locked in The Beast's chinlock for almost 10 minutes and refused to cry "uncle." Most wrestlers give up immediately after being locked in the hold...Paul Jones captured the Southern States title and is raising all kinds of hell in Florida and Georgia. "Little Jackie Brisco



Paul Jones is back from Australia and almost immediately captured the Southern States title. Now he wants Jack Brisco's Florida crown.

had better watch out," Jones threatened. "I want the Florida title back"...Gene Kiniski and Fred Blasie are both claiming the Pacific Coast title.

When midget star Sonny Boy Hayes met Andre The Giant for the first time, as a gag, Hays walked over to him and said, "I can take you, big man." Andre looked down at Hays, straight in the eyes, and growled, "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," Hays gulped, "I can take you—to the movies, or anyplace you want!"

And that's what's happening, baby!"

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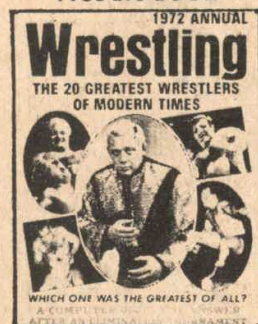
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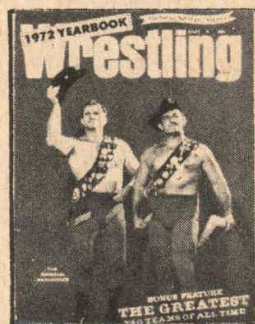
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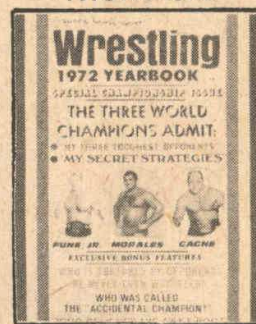
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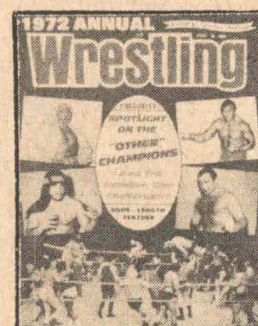
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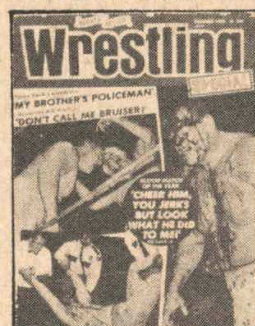
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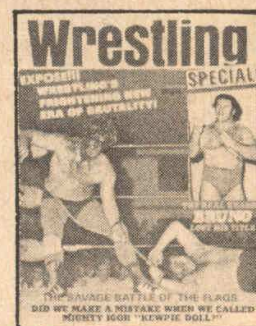
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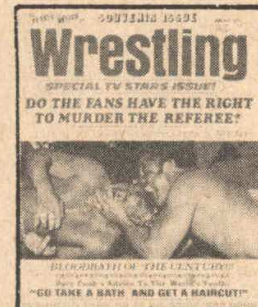
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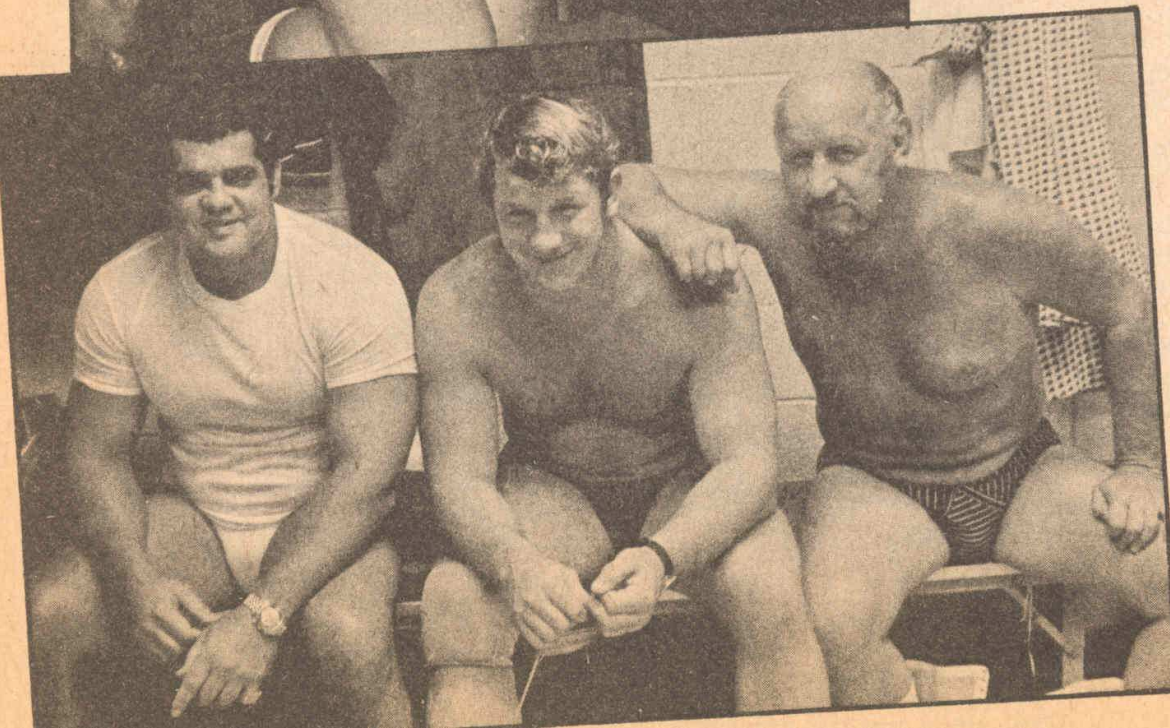
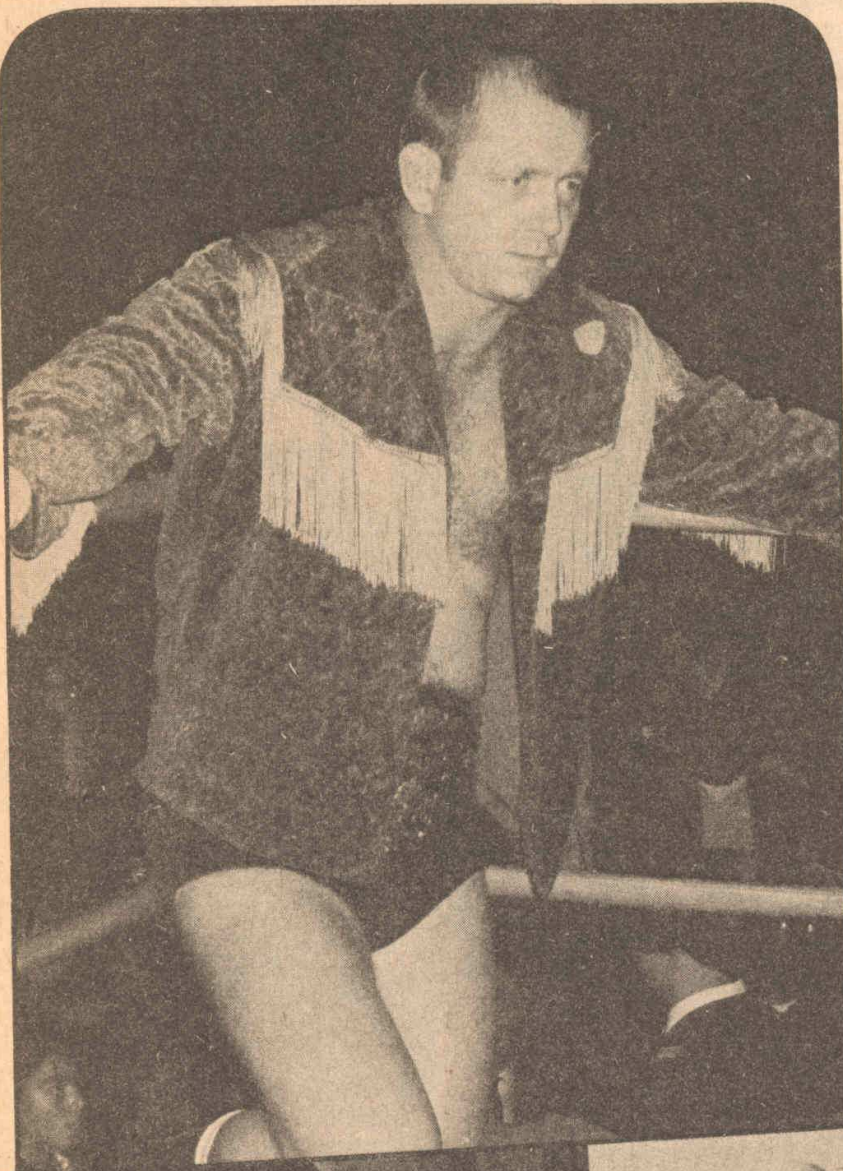
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WHEN DORY FUNK JR.

AND IS A RETURN MATCH IN THE WORKS?



When Dory Funk Jr. (above, left) and Pedro Morales were younger, they used to work out with each other in the gym. Left: Pedro, Terry Funk and Dory Sr. share a laugh about the old days as they sit in the Madison Square Garden dressing room. When Pedro and Dory used to scrap—little Terry always wound up getting a licking.

WRESTLED PEDRO MORALES

Few people know that the two great champions have wrestled each other. Only two men were lucky enough to see those matches, and they insist they weren't anything like what you'd expect

OF THE THOUSANDS of letters we receive each month, we're guaranteed to get a batch that sound exactly the same. They usually come from fans who are confused as to why Dory Funk Jr. is considered champion in some areas while Pedro Morales is recognized as the titleholder in others.

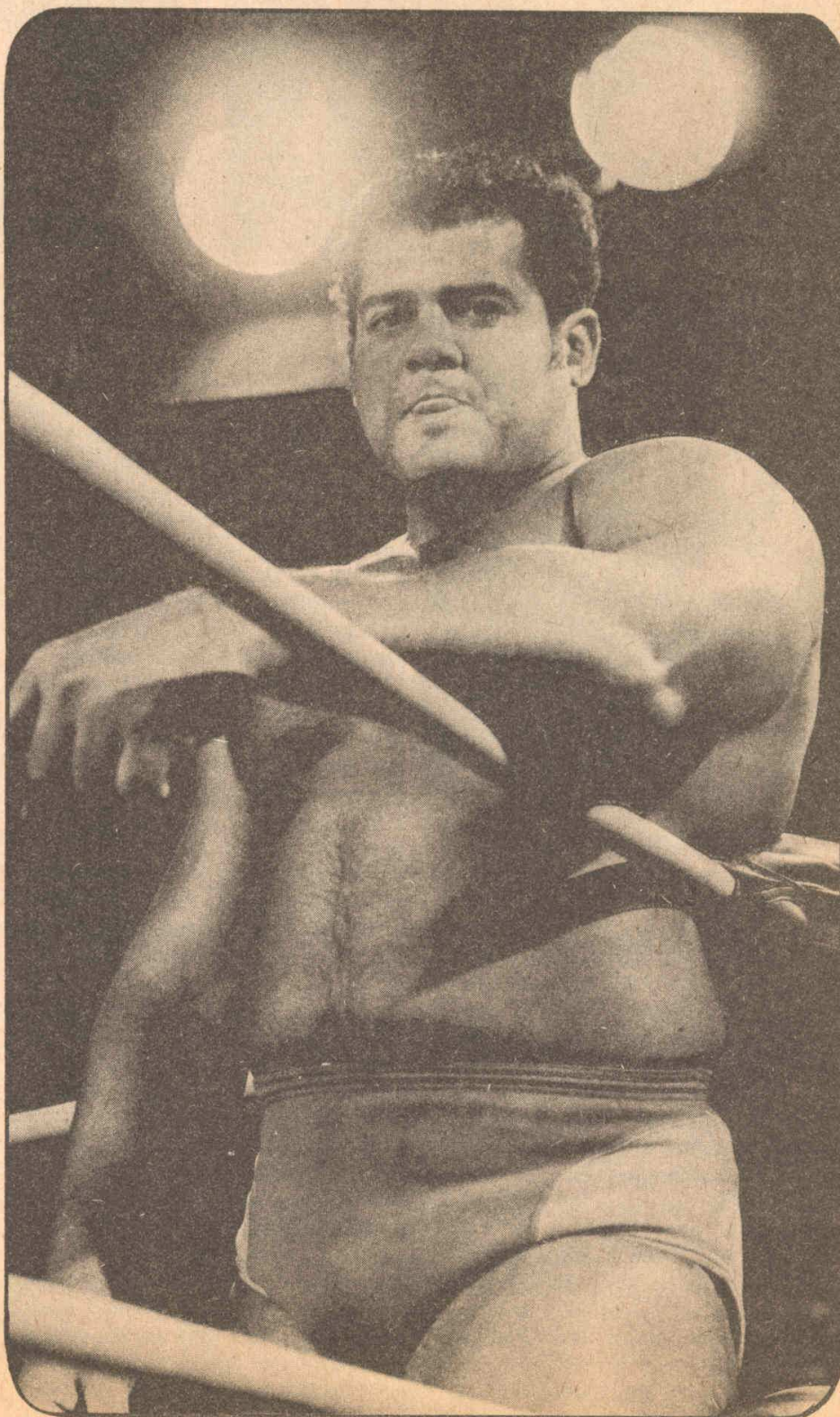
Each letter ends the same way—demanding a Funk-Morales match to settle the confusion.

Fans aren't the only confused ones. One wrestling villain confessed the situation makes it confusing even for other wrestlers.

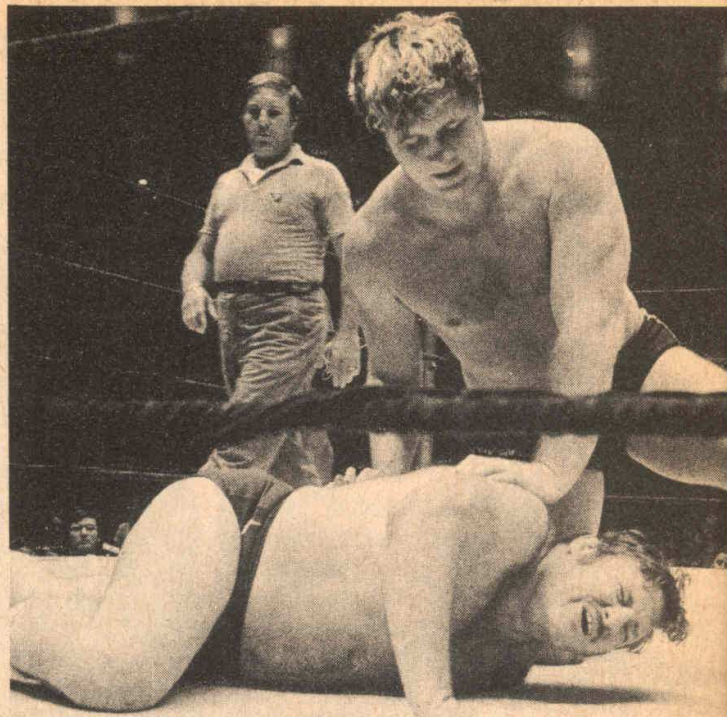
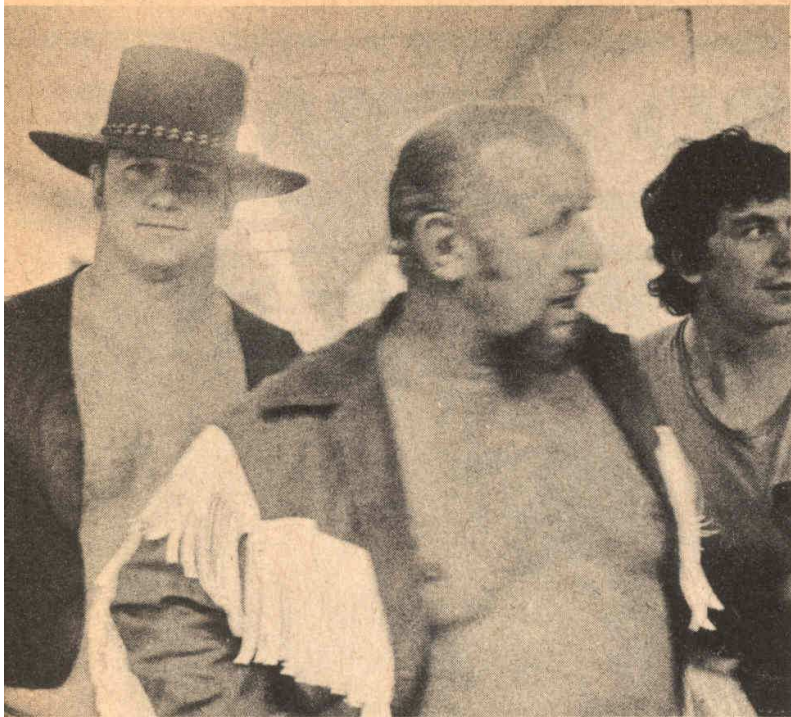
"It's really crazy, this championship situation," he said. "I might be wrestling in Texas or Florida chasing after Funk for a title match. A month or two later I'll wrestle in New England or New York and I'm chasing Morales. It would certainly be a lot easier if there was only one champion to chase!"

But because of a split between rival wrestling promotional associations—a split that happened long before either Morales or Funk got to be champion—it is highly unlikely that the fans will get their wish. In fact, one promoter said the pairing was so unlikely, you'll probably never see a Funk in the same section of the country as Morales!

Therefore, you can imagine our surprise one night when we walked into Madison Square Garden to talk to Morales. Sitting alongside Pedro were none other than Dory Funk Sr. and his other son, Terry! They were kidding and joking with each



The tension Pedro Morales feels before a bout is obvious as he stands in the corner. Pedro always was a serious wrestler, Dory Sr. remembers.



Terry and Dory Sr. plot strategy between falls of a match against the Fabulous Kangaroos (left). Above, left: Terry and Dory Sr. walk down long corridor towards the ring during one of their infrequent New York appearances. Above, right: Terry, who still remembers his brother's wild scraps with Morales, punishes Don Kent with a hammerlock. "When my brother and Pedro used to finish their workouts, they both ganged up on me and I got the worst of things because of my size," Terry remembers.

other and acted as if they were the best of friends.

"Pedro and me *are* chums—from way back when," Terry said, slapping the popular Puerto Rican on the back. "I remember when I was a youngun' and Pedro used to drop in at the gym and work out with Dory Jr. When they got through with each other—then they'd go to work on *me*! I was just a little feller and they really bulldogged me all over the place. But nobody ever got hurt and it was all good fun."

"You know," Dory Sr. interrupted, "I'll bet my boots Terry and I are the only ones who ever *have* seen a match between Junior and Pedro. They'd get together about three or four times a week and rassel for all

they were worth. The reason I'm laughing is because I remember what they looked like in those days. It was a far cry from what they look like now!"

Morales, obviously thinking back to those carefree days, chuckled at the thought of what he and Dory must have looked like to a real professional like Dory Sr.

"We were both starting out," Pedro remembered, "and Dory was concentrating on speed while I was learning how to fly—you know—drop-kicks and things like that. We had some wild moments and we each pinned the other quite often. I really can't remember one or the other having an edge. All I remember is Dory's father yelling at us because



Correspondent Bill Apter gets Dory Sr.'s views on a Morales vs. Dory Jr. match as Terry Funk listens to the interview.

we were doing everything wrong!"

"Oh were you two a sight," Dory Sr. chuckled. "You and Junior used to get so angry at me because I kept telling you how bad you were doing. You weren't really that bad, but I didn't want either of you to get cocky so I kept on tellin' you how bad you looked."

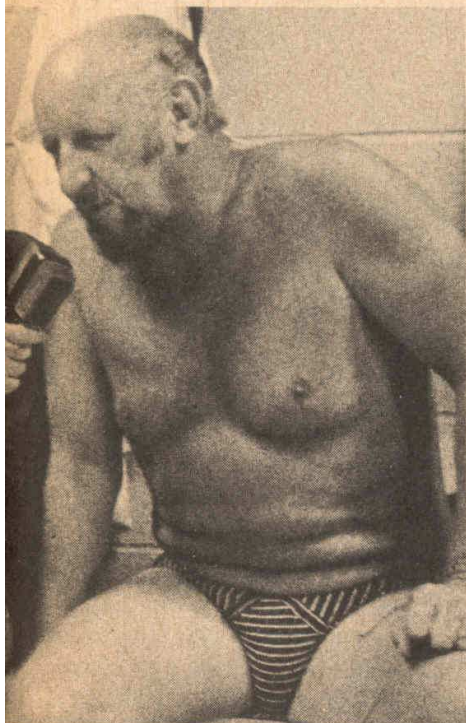
"I'll tell you one thing though, Pedro. Right now I'd pay all the money in the world to see you and Junior

rasslin' each other. Heck, I wouldn't mind refereein' that bout."

"Sure," Morales chimed in, "you can referee. Only if you do—I want someone from my family to serve as judge."

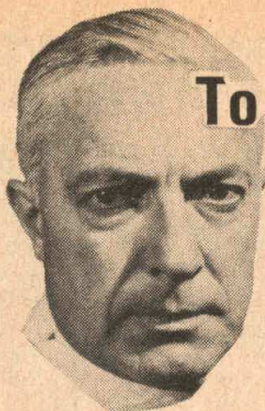
"I don't think you and Dory should ever wrestle each other again," Terry said with a chuckle. "Judgin' by what used to happen, you'd both come tearin' after me like you always used to. Whenever you two went at it I always wound up with all the bruises. I can just see the story now. 'The long-awaited match of the century between Dory Funk Jr. and Pedro Morales ended when both Dory and Pedro beat up on poor Terry Funk. When asked why they did it, both Pedro and Dory said it was from habit.' Yup. That's what would happen for sure!"

That set all three of them off into hilarious laughter, and before they



could start reminiscing again, Pedro was called from the dressing room for his match against Stan Stasiak. There were handshakes all around and cries of "good luck" from Terry and his father.

"I'll say one thing," Dory Sr. added after Morales left. "A match like that would be a real barn burner. And what's more, as soon as it would end, I wouldn't mind steppin' into that there ring and tannin' both their hides, just in fun though. Then we could all go down to the ranch, climb on a couple of horses and go for a nice long ride—just like we did in the old days!"



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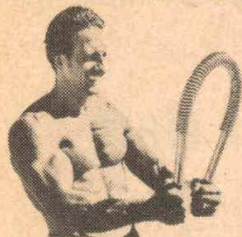
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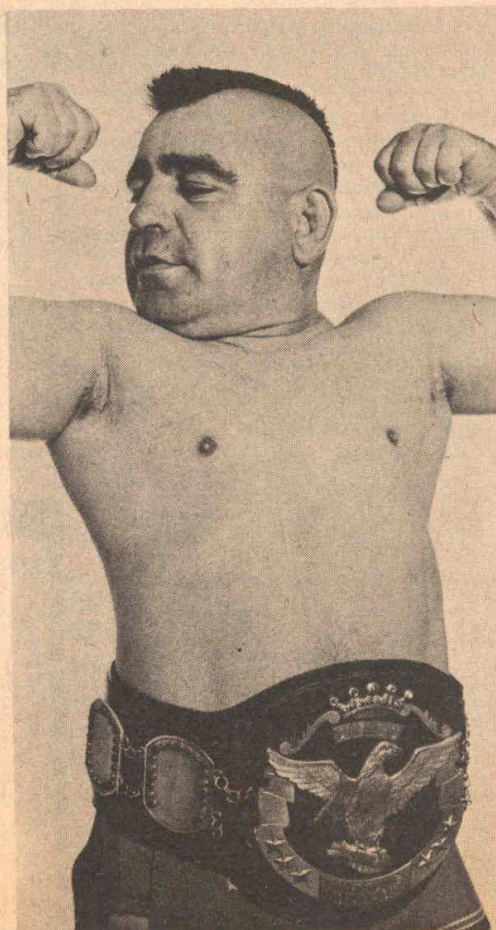
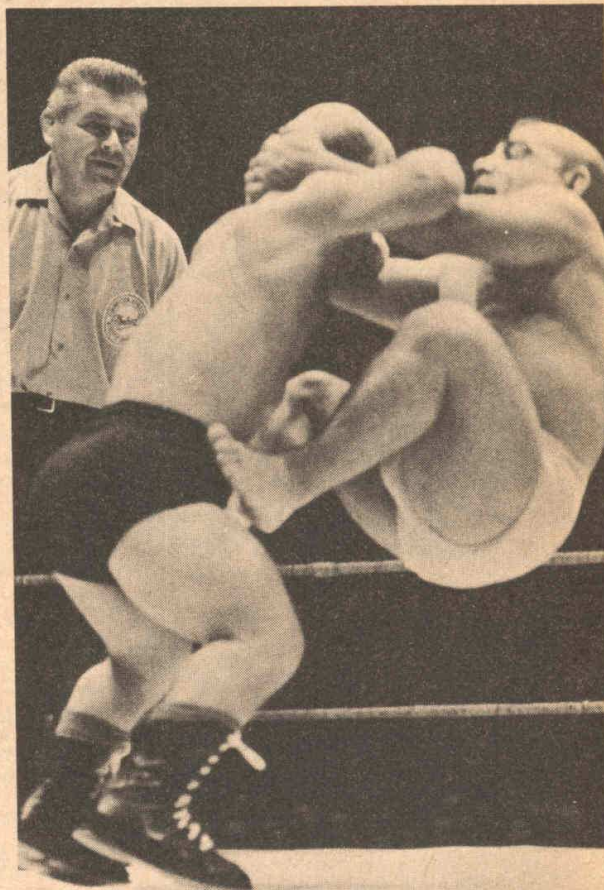
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LITTLE BEAVER—WRESTLING'S BRIGHTEST STAR (Continued from Page 33)

Beaver climbs upon Sky Low Low like a linesman climbing a pole to execute what he calls "My monkey flip." Moments after picture was taken Sky Low Low was zooming through the air, then he crashed to the mat with a sickening thud. Whenever Beaver uses the flip fans howl with delight and give him a standing ovation. Below: the Beaver flexes his long, smooth muscles.



clown around so much in the ring. There are too many ways to get hurt in this business if you don't enjoy it. I've enjoyed it for many years and knowing that you can make a kid happy helps you forget the pain and broken bones."

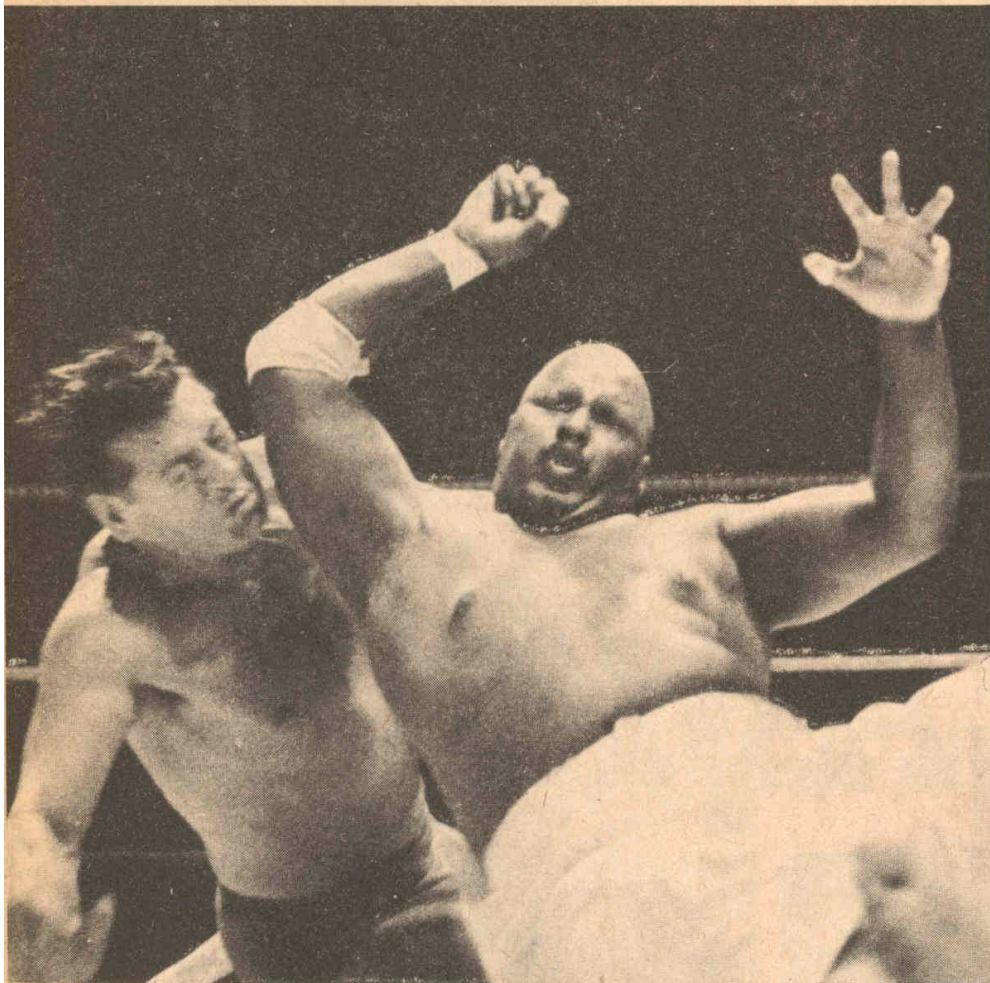
People have often accused the midgets of being showmen more than wrestlers. But each one is an outstanding athlete and despite their size most can compete on an equal basis in strength, speed and agility with men much larger and heavier than themselves.

However, in most cases and in L'il Beaver's for sure, the first order of business is to bring enjoyment to their fans. And if that means a little added dash of showmanship — so be it.

It is a mark of Beaver's personality that after a life with such a tragic beginning his chosen role is to be a symbol of enjoyment and fun. It's all part of what goes into the package of making L'il Beaver the most popular midget wrestler of all time — and a much bigger man than most. □

ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER

(Continued from Page 37)



Popular Hungarian star Bob Nandor is about to feel the crushing impact of Abdullah's deadly elbow during savage match in Montreal. Nandor would say later, "He (Abdullah) is probably the most dangerous man I ever met."

"Sure I've gotten letters and telegrams from him. And the candy was delicious. He keeps asking for a match but he never mentions money. I don't wrestle for nothing. I love to eat and food costs money. I love to drink and drink costs money. He's the one who is so anxious to prove he's the better man. I know who's the better man. Let him put his money where his mouth is. He's all talk. When he talks money, and I don't mean peanuts, then I'll listen to the man."

While Valentine insists that Abdullah stole his "Sunday punch," the giant Turk calls that charge nonsense.

"I was a karate champion in my native country. I can smash boards with my hands, my elbows. When I came to America to wrestle I couldn't read English. I could not speak the language. I didn't know Valentine. I didn't know anyone."

"I admit I wasn't a very good wrestler either. That took time. In one of my early bouts, my opponent came at me with a body block. I wasn't ready for him and so I did a full somersault in the air.

"To brace myself for the fall, I tried to get my hands in front of me, but I was too slow. Instead, I came down on my elbow. I was in agony and I lost the match. The elbow wasn't broken but it was badly bruised and it meant I wouldn't be wrestling for a couple of weeks.

"During that time I had plenty of time to think. I knew that if I didn't get any better I'd be back on a plane heading for Turkey. I thought about my elbow. Why couldn't I use it as a weapon? It took me a long time to perfect the technique. But now I have it down to a science.

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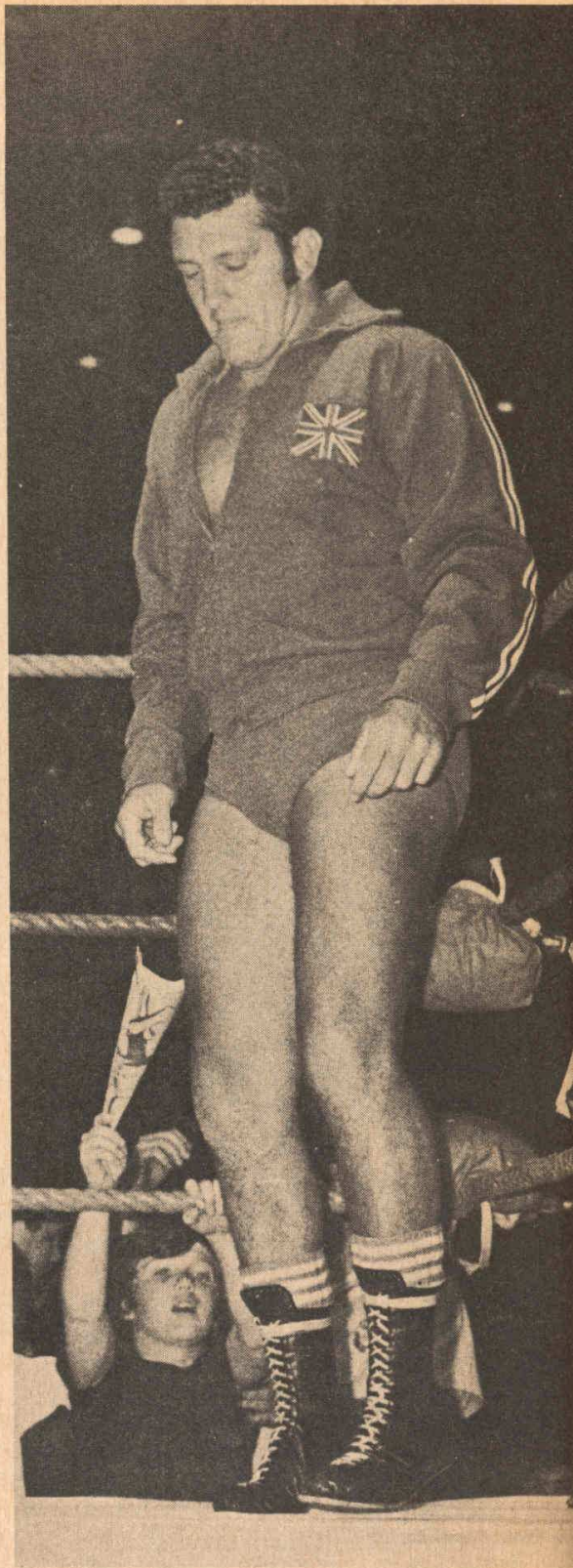
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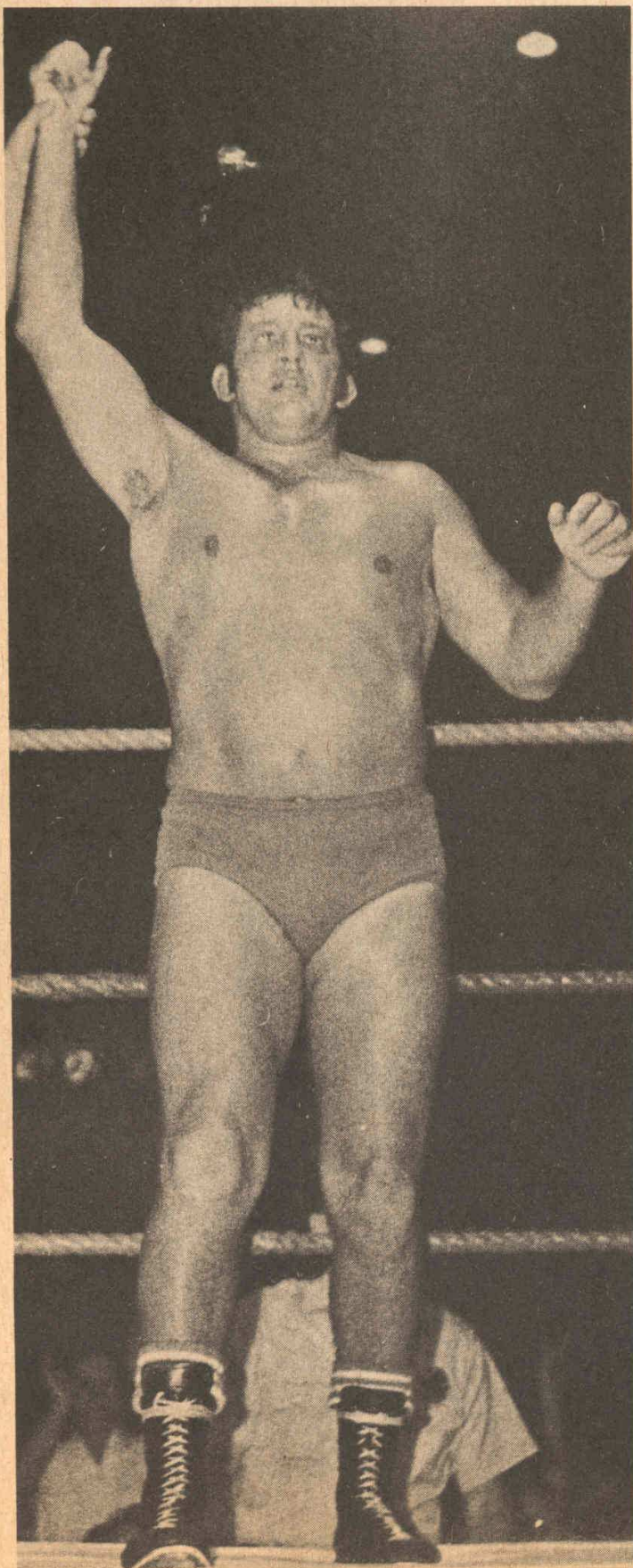
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THE DREAM THAT DRIVES BILLY ROBINSON

In his own way, Billy Robinson is trying to restore some prestige to the country he loves. And even if it means the world heavyweight championship will leave these shores—Americans are rooting for Billy to succeed





Acrobatic Billy Robinson raises his arm in the traditional victory pose as he acknowledges cheers of his many fans (left). Below: Robinson easily flips Bobby Heenan. "It's like wrestling 25 guys at once," Heenan said after meeting Billy.

THERE HAVE BEEN many great English wrestlers. But not one of them has ever won the world's heavyweight championship.

There have been many great English boxers. But since the turn of the century, not one of them has ever won the world's heavyweight championship.

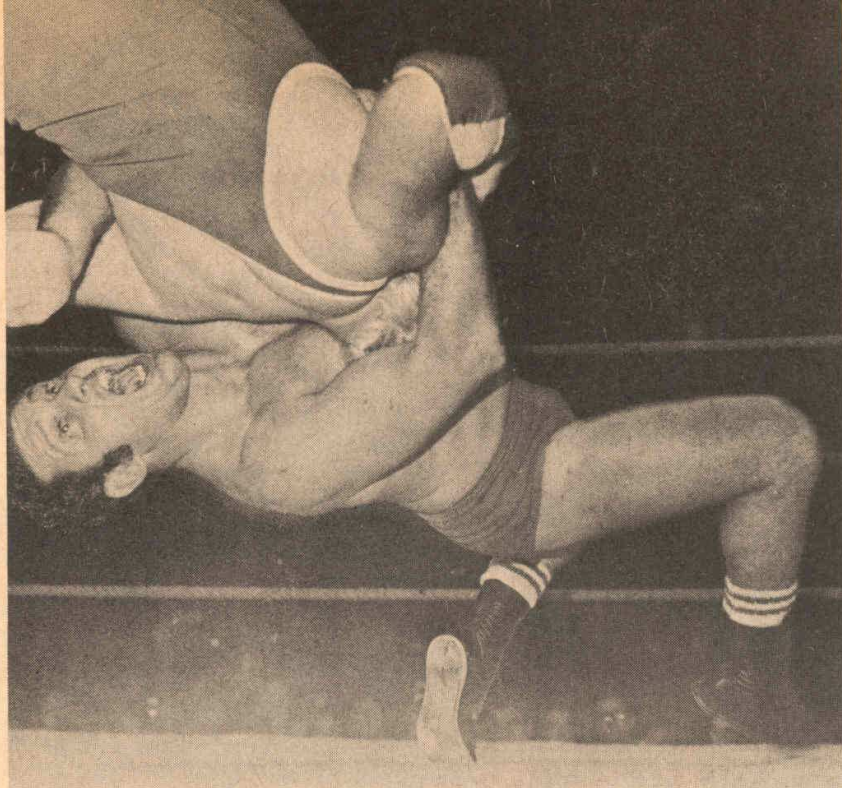
At one time England's influence was such it used to be said "the sun never sets on the British Empire." Times have indeed changed.

All those factors disturb Billy Robinson, a loyal Englishman and perhaps the best chance the British have had in years to finally...at long last... win a championship. And oddly enough, Billy is so popular in the United States, American fans wouldn't mind at all if the crown went back over the waves to the mother country.

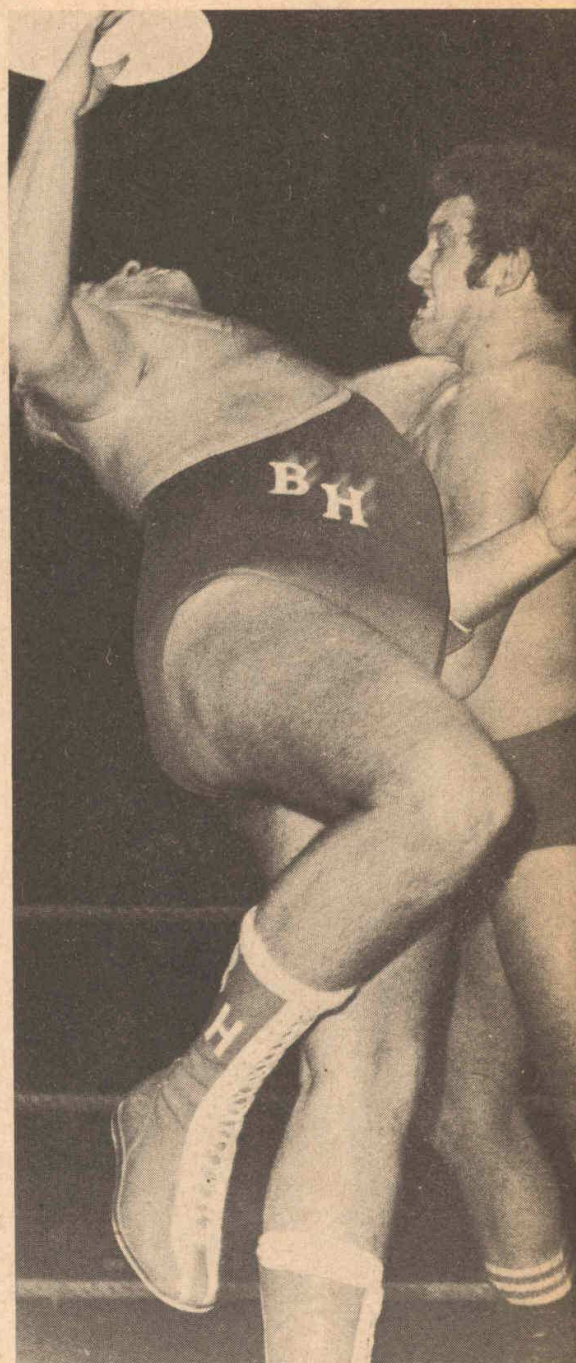
That is Billy Robinson's mission.

"I remember reading in the history books about the greatness of the Brit-





Billy's fantastic balance is shown above as he takes Heenan down while only inches from the mat himself. Left: Billy turns the Big K's wristlock into a face-lock of his own. He took K down with a tripup. Right: Bobby Heenan is bent backwards as Billy increases pressure to an armbar. Bobby claimed Robinson used holds he'd never seen before.



ish Empire," Billy remembers. "At one time the whole world looked up to England. We had the best navy, all the boxing champions, the greatest generals. There isn't a country in the world with the history of England.

"All that is past now. England has become just another country. We used to be leaders. We're now followers. I want to see Great Britain hold its head up high once again. Perhaps it can be done in sports. Our boxing champions have failed miserably. My mission in life is to return some of that lost glory to England by becoming the first British heavyweight wrestling champion in history."

Experts say Robinson has an excel-

lent chance to do just that.

At 6-2, 240 pounds, Bill has the size and strength. But he has to be seen to be appreciated. His moves seem to combine the best of Antonino Rocca, Edouard Carpentier and Argentina Apollo. He has holds American wrestlers never even dreamed about. And when it comes to excitement—nobody can touch him.

"This guy Robinson is the hottest thing going in the midwest right now," said mat veteran Bob Sabre, "and I don't see how he can miss winning the championship if he gets a shot. He has a million holds and moves and makes guys like Rocca and Carpentier look dull. Believe me, this man is the

best wrestler I have ever seen. I'd say he's even better than Karl Gotch was in his prime!"

That's about the highest praise anyone can give a 29-year-old rising mat star—but no matter who you talk to, everyone seems to agree. It will be only a matter of time before Great Britain finally gets a champion.

Bobby Heenan, who rarely says a good word about any wrestler except for himself, Blackjack Lanza or Blackjack Mulligan, got an opportunity to wrestle Robinson—an opportunity he now wishes he didn't take.

"It's like wrestling 25 guys at once," Heenan claimed. "I've been in some wild matches, but I don't think I've



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Robinson waves to fans waiting for him to leave dressing room. Billy's determined to take the championship back to England so his country can again "hold its head up high."

ever been flipped, tossed, dropkicked or thrown like that ever. I couldn't figure out how to get out of some of the holds he slapped on me because I never saw holds like that before. And every time I had him in trouble, he slipped out of it as easy as you please. By the time the bout was over—I felt as if I had been swept up in a tornado.

Robinson, from Manchester, England, was an exceptional athlete as a young man—as well as a history student. He's been a former boxer, has played soccer, and didn't decide on wrestling until he was 20 years old. But he didn't think of coming to America until 1970.

"I had a good job as a history teacher in a grade school and I used to wrestle on weekends and in my spare time," Bill remembers. "One day I was in a pub with a few of my friends discussing our favorite subject, jolly old England. We got around to talking about what the country used to be like and what it's like today. The British people used to be the proudest on

earth. Now, with the exception of winning the World Cup in football (soccer) in 1968, we haven't had too much—especially in sports—to be proud of. I decided to change that. I knew I would have to come to the United States to wrestle the very best men in the world. I want to bring that belt back to Great Britain."

The only trouble Robinson has encountered so far is the large number of dirty tricks used by the villains. "In England we have our share of dirty wrestlers," he said, "but nothing like you have here. In England a man can be disqualified for pulling hair or pulling your trunks or hitting you with a clenched fist. Those are considered serious offenses. Here, some of these villains bring foreign objects into the ring with them as often as they can. They get away with murder. In England, they'd be disqualified and probably banned for six months. I can't get used to how easily they get away with it here. I come to wrestle a man—not to worry whether or not he'll smash a chair over my head."

Despite not being used to the tactics of some wrestlers, no villain has yet found a tactic to stop the sensational young Englishman. And that means there's an excellent chance England will have its first heavyweight wrestling champion in history! ☐

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BLOOD BRAWL

(Continued from Page 41)

wrestlers, was fairly peaceful. Of course there was the usual amount of mayhem but nothing extraordinary happened—certainly nothing that would give warning of what was to come.

Bruiser had much the best of things despite Heenan's disregard of the referee when told to remain outside the ring unless tagged. And after about eight minutes, the Bruiser took the first fall from Lanza with a "knee-bomb" off the top rope.

Bruiser was going along smoothly in the second fall while Heenan was getting more than he bargained for. But each time Bruiser tried to pin Bobby, Lanza would sneak in from outside the ropes to pull Bruiser off. As Heenan crawled beneath the bottom rope to get away from Bruiser, a beer bottle came flying out of the crowd and cut Bobby's cheek. This distracted Bruiser momentarily—and while his back was turned, Lanza grabbed him from behind to take the second fall.

Seething for revenge, Bruiser had to be restrained in his corner until the bell for the third fall rang. When it did, he charged madly across the ring into his opponent's corner. It was a mistake!

Bruiser got out of the corner—but with a long gash in his forehead. Holding his head to stop the blood, he rolled out of the ring. He came up behind Lanza and Heenan, in their own corner, after seemingly stooping to pick something up off the floor. Vaulting over the ropes, he grabbed Heenan in a headlock and smashed his fist into Bobby's face.

Blood seemed to spurt from 20 different openings on Heenan's face, which was now a mass of cuts and bruises. Lanza wasn't spared either. Bruiser, still bleeding badly from his own cuts, grabbed Blackjack in the corner and, with his back to the referee, began working him over. When they emerged from the corner, Lanza,



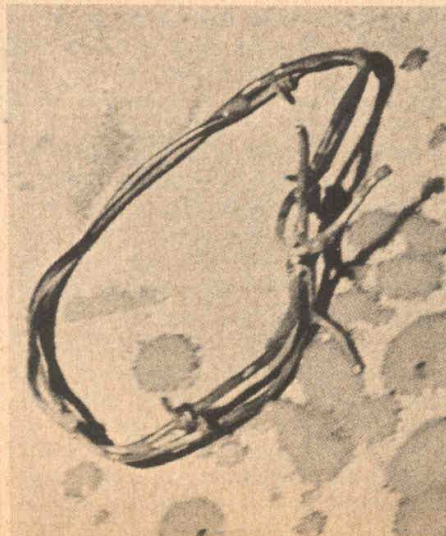
"It certainly wasn't me who did it," says Bruiser.

too, was bleeding fiercely.

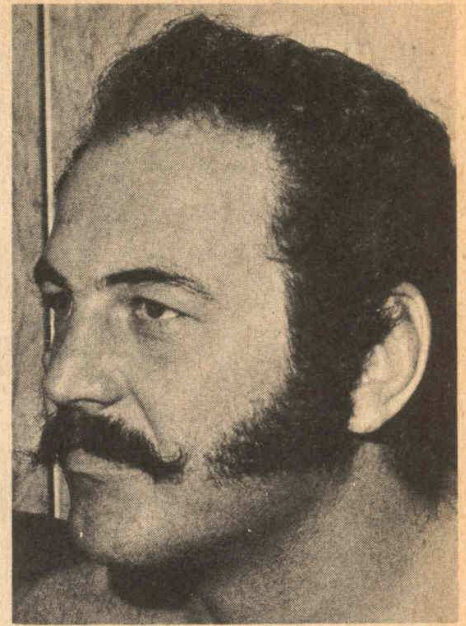
It appeared as if a riot would break out as another beer bottle came crashing into the ring. Wisely, the referee disqualified all three wrestlers. In the dressing rooms, the ring physician had to do emergency surgery.

Heenan's face looked like chopped meat. More than 34 stitches were taken. Bruiser had a 14-stitch head wound almost down to the bone, while Lanza was gashed over both eyes and on his nose.

Heenan and Lanza claimed that Bruiser had used a piece of barbed wire. How else, they asked, could they have been cut up so badly?



The deadly piece of wire which nobody will admit bringing into the ring.



"I don't need any barbed wire to win," said Lanza.

Bruiser, too, claimed he had been the victim of barbed wire, further claiming that he saw Heenan wrap it around his fist just before Lanza trapped him in the corner.

Neither would admit using barbed wire. Yet, as our photographer discovered, a piece of it was lying there in a pool of blood below the ring!

The referee claimed he didn't know if wire had been used and that he had stopped the bout because of "All that blood."

Did one of the wrestlers bring barbed wire into the ring? Was it thrown in by a fan? Did it just happen to be lying on the floor—left over from some last minute construction job? Did any of the wrestlers really use so deadly a weapon?

Nobody has the answers to any of these questions—not yet, anyway. But the wire has been turned over to the Commission and films of the match are now being examined. Our reporters are tracking down many of the ringsiders who were present that night for their eyewitness accounts.

The Illinois Wrestling Commission has promised swift punishment when and if the truth is found out. And you can be sure that the results of our investigation will be made public. □

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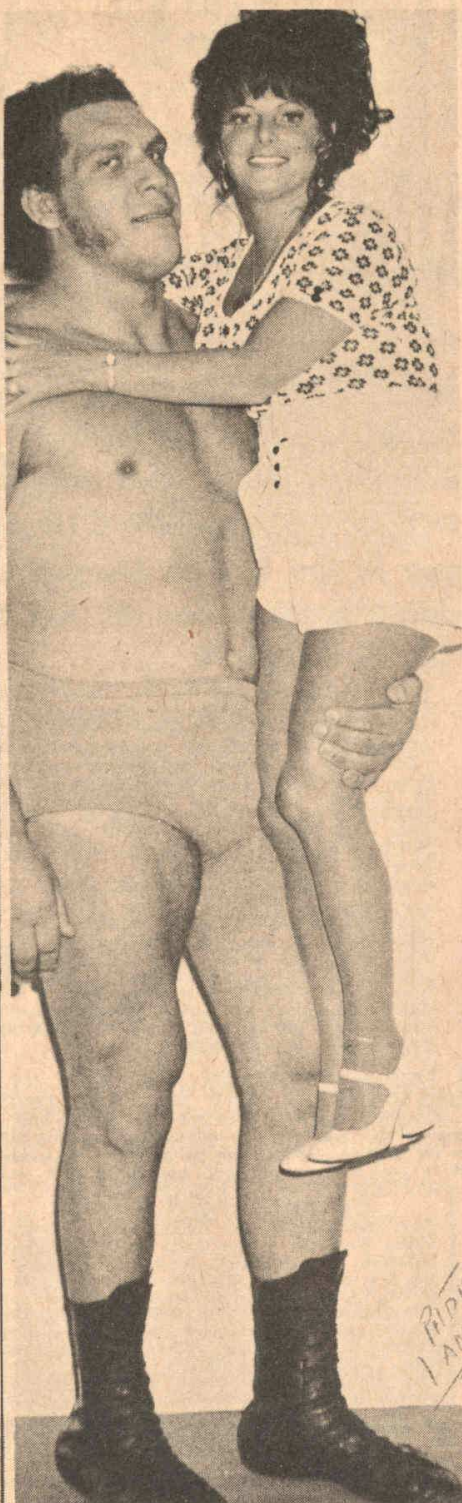
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FRENCH GIANT (Continued from Page 20)



Ferre manages a slight smile as he gently holds pretty fan and poses for our photographer outside dressing room.

although it did talk about that. The crowd could not believe how fast—how acrobatic—this giant of a man was.

They wrestled Gerry Brown and Fernand Frechette. Carpentier and Ferre won the first fall so easily,

Ferre agreed to wrestle *both* Brown and Frechette by himself in the next fall.

Frechette tried to soften up the giant with a series of forearm smashes and then closed fists to his face and mid-section. Ferre just laughed. Both opponents got into the ring at the same time and still the results were the same. Then, after laughing at his opponents' futile efforts, Jean swung into action.

Catapulting off the ropes, he lifted his massive body into the air and came at Brown like a 50-millimeter shell. Splat! Down went Brown. Seeing this, Frechette took off for parts unknown. But Jean chased him until Fernand got back into the ring.

Jean wasn't taking any chances. All this running was becoming dull. He vaulted clear over the top rope and trapped Frechette in the corner. An airplane spin, a dropkick and a body press insured that Frechette wouldn't run away again this night. The crowd—and Carpentier—loved it. Frechette and Brown thought otherwise.

"That man shouldn't be allowed inside a ring," the disgusted Brown said after the match while getting his ribs taped. "He's the closest thing to Superman I've ever seen. I don't mind if a guy is seven-feet-tall or if he weighs 500 pounds. But I've never seen anybody *that* big and *that* strong move so fast!"

Another man who didn't care for his match against Ferre was Butcher Vachon.

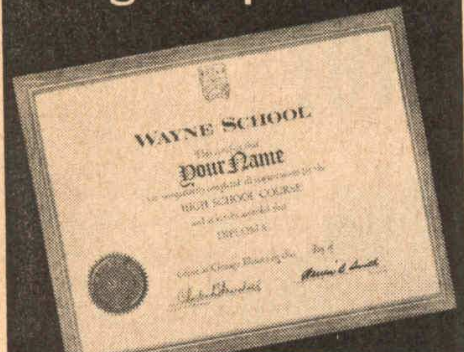
"He threw me around the ring," Butcher admitted. "And when I'd try to grab him or hit him—he wasn't there!"

Jean Ferre has proven so popular in eastern Canada he's even been asked to referee some important matches. And with him in there as the third man in the ring, villains think twice about pulling any rough stuff.

"I hear they have some very dirty wrestlers in the United States," Ferre snickered. "I think that soon I will go down there to wrestle them."

And when he does, people like Kowalski, The Sheik, John Tolos and Luke Graham better watch out. They've never seen anything to compare with The Giant who strikes like lightning! □

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IT'S A BIRD...

(Continued from Page 43)

the mat. Then, one day, it just happened. Everywhere Mil moved, his brother caught him. He'd gotten the knack. As a matter of fact, Mil admitted that a couple of times "he knocked the wind out of me."

But could Sicodelico do it in a match?

They wouldn't have long to find out. Mascaras and his brother would be taking on the Japanese torture duo of Kenji Shibuya and Mr. Saito. What better time to try out the new maneuver?

Sicodelico, remembering what Mil taught him, set up the maneuver with three devastating dropkicks. This was it! He quickly scrambled up the ropes and was ready to leap on the dazed Shibuya when Saito ran into the ring, went over to the ringpost, and smashed Sicodelico with a vicious judo chop knocking him off that perch. He'd blown his first opportunity!

But Shibuya was still groggy. Sicodelico now lifted Saito and bodyslammed him viciously. It looked like he was out cold. Another opportunity!

Again Sicodelico climbed the corner ropes, this time trying to pounce on Saito. But suddenly, Shibuya was stirring and he spotted Sicodelico ready to leap.

"Don't worry about him!" Mascaras yelled in Spanish to his brother. "I'll take care of Shibuya!"

So as Saito got up groggily, shaking the cobwebs from his head, Sicodelico leaped forward like a human spring. He smashed into Saito knocking him to the mat with Sicodelico on top of him. The referee counted quickly. It was all over! Sicodelico had done it!

"Mil! Did you like it?" Sicodelico asked excitedly.

"Like it?" Mascaras answered. "I didn't even SEE it!"

"Oh no," groaned the younger brother. "Why didn't you watch?"

"I couldn't," Mil replied. "I was trying to keep Shibuya away. My back was turned."

But if Sicodelico needs a witness to prove it worked—he can point to Mr. Saito. He'll remember the impact of that flying bodypress for a long time! ☐

GIRLS WRESTLED NAKED!

(Continued from Page 29)



he said. "I call the match a draw. You both win."

When Joan and Wanda finally recovered enough strength to stand up, Morton pointed to the shower room at the rear of his studio and said, "Go freshen up, girls. When you're through, I'll pay you and we'll go out and get something to eat."

About ten minutes later, the two blondes, looking completely refreshed and attired in their form-fitting dresses, walked out into Morton's main studio. He handed them \$200 each and said, "Now you two shake hands. There's enough hate in this world without two beautiful, young Americans like you trying to kill each other."

Joan and Wanda glared at each other for a few seconds, then Joan stripped away all the previous hatred with not only a warm handshake, but a kiss on Wanda's cheek. "Let's be friends," Joan said.

Wanda's reply was a return kiss on Joan's cheek.

"That's marvelous," said the beaming photographer. "That's what I wanted to see." Then Morton added, "You kids don't know it, but when I offered you the deal, I had another reason for doing it than just getting some pictures. I wanted you to become friends."

"I guess we really wanted the same thing," Joan said softly as she entwined her fingers in Wanda's hand. Wanda nodded in agreement and squeezed Joan's hand in a warm token of friendship.

They walked from the studio, arm-in-arm, with Jerry Morton right behind them. ☐